An Introduction to a Screenplay

In February of 1991 it was cold and rainy in Los Angeles, and Sovereign Pictures flew Terry Pratchett and me from England to LA, to talk about turning our book *Good Omens* into a film.

It was a very odd time. In the afternoons and evenings Terry and I would write outlines for the movie. In the mornings we would have meetings with a tableful of producers and studio development people, where they would ask us questions that would indicate that they hadn't read the latest draft of the treatment, and ask for changes in the next draft of the treatment.

It was not much fun. I wound up, some years later, taking large chunks of that experience and putting them into a short story called "The Goldfish Pool and Other Stories".

Eventually, Terry and I went home, and we wrote a script. As first draft scripts go, it had a lot of good stuff in it (I remember the halo fights particularly fondly). We sent it in.

"It's too much like the book," said the Sovereign pictures person on the phone, as if this was the worst crime a script was capable of committing. "It's no good. No good at all."

Terry, extremely sensibly, resigned from the project at this point. I probably should have as well, but I didn't. I was curious. I wanted to see what would happen next.

What happened next was I found myself in Wilmington, North Carolina, where the project's remaining producer was shooting a small film, and I spent much of a couple of days, while the rain poured down, with the producer and an extremely out-of-his-element Hollywood studio executive talking about what they thought they wanted. They didn't want *Good Omens*. Not really. Well, not at all, actually. They wanted something else. Something heartwarming. Something small. Something relatively straightforward. And, for reasons I no longer remember, the producer desperately wanted an abandoned pier with a miniature town in it. Also, they wanted Satan to appear.

So I went home, and wrote a script to their specifications.

It was an interesting experience, creating a Good Omens from an alternate universe, with barely a line, a word, or an idea from the original remaining.

But I did it. I was very proud of having done it.

I sent it in.

There were only two phone calls after that. The first one, from the same studio boss who had complained that the first script was too much like the book, was plaintive, puzzled, and rather offended. "It's nothing at all like the book," she told me. "We don't like it."

The second call, a few days after that, was to let me know that Sovereign Pictures was going to be vanishing into the maw of bankruptcy, and I shouldn't ever expect to be paid for the script.

And that was that.

For the last thirteen years, the script that follows has sat in a dusty and cobwebbed place on my hard disk, where people never go. Every now and then I've pondered filing off the serial numbers and turning it into something else, something that isn't recognisable as once having been even a parallel universe *Good Omens*; I could change it a little bit more, so characters would have different names and different reasons for what they do, but, truly, I suspect it's too much *Good Omens* for that, while still not really being *Good Omens* at all.

Still, it seemed a pity that no-one would ever read it.

When the Peters of Hill House came along and began their lunatic project of creating the Author's Preferred Editions, I remembered this script. It's a gift to the people who signed up for the series.

I hope it makes you smile, at least once.

This script is dedicated to Terry Pratchett, who was wise enough to have nothing at all to do with it.

Neil Gaiman
June 20, 2004

FADE IN:

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S STUDY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- DAY.

OPENING CREDITS.

We can hear a CLICKING noise. It's the sound of checkers pieces being moved across a board.

We are looking at a PAINTING of the Garden of Eden. Adam and Eve stand in the garden, wearing fig leaves. Eve's holding the apple. On the left of them is the serpent -- a big green snake wearing dark glasses. On the right stands an Angel in white, with long white hair, holding a flaming sword.

Pan across the wall to the NEXT PICTURE. A reproduction of a cave painting -- a stick figure of a man is throwing a spear at a bison. Near it are two other painted stick figures. One is white; the other, black, has dark glasses.

Pan across to the NEXT painting: it's an Egyptian fresco. Sideways people walking like Egyptians. One at the end has white hair and a white loincloth; the one next to him, black hair, a black loincloth and dark glasses.

The camera continues to move around the room -- it's a Professor's study in the British Museum -- and stopping on paintings. The sound of the checkers game continues over this.

NEXT PAINTING: the death of Julius Caesar; off at the side of the painting two gentlemen, one in a white toga, one in a black toga and shades.
NEXT PAINTING: The discovery of America -- Christopher Columbus and sailors. One sailor's in black with shades, one in white.

Next a black and white ETCHING of some famous Victorian scene -- Queen Victoria, perhaps, and standing near her two Victorian gentlemen, both in stovepipe hats. One in white, one in black -- with dark glasses.
Lastly we stop on a black and white PHOTOGRAPH of London in the 1920s. Flappers smile and dance in a dance hall. Over in one corner, in elegant suits, we can see the two men, one in white,

the other in black-with-shades. And by now they should be recognisable as the two beings that we will come to know as AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY.

END OF CREDITS.

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S STUDY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- DAY.

We move down from the photograph to a CHECKERS BOARD. A black piece moves one space.

Pull back. CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are playing checkers, the game the English call draughts.

CROWLEY is dressed all in black. He's elegant and very cool. He's wearing DARK GLASSES.

AZIRAPHALE is wearing all white, and his clothes are much more rumpled than his opponent's. His hair is white too.

CROWLEY is losing -- he only has a couple of men left. He's playing black; AZIRAPHALE's white.

CROWLEY
If you ask me, it's all going too well.

AZIRAPHALE pauses; eyes the board, then takes one of Crowley's men, to CROWLEY's disgust.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh, isn't that just like a demon? Six thousand years and all you do is complain -- "when are they going to invent the toilet seat, what about central heating," and now that things are finally comfortable what do you say? "It's going too well."

CROWLEY
Well it is.

He studies the board intently. Then he looks up, suddenly. POINTS out the window.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Hey! I don't believe it! Just look at that!

AZIRAPHALE turns around, looks out the window.

AZIRAPHALE
What? Where?

Without being touched, one of CROWLEY's black pieces SLIDES a few squares across the board.

CROWLEY
It's gone now.

AZIRAPHALE turns back to the board.

CROWLEY (cont.)
(innocently)
Whose turn is it?

AZIRAPHALE
Yours.

CROWLEY pretends to ponder the board for a moment and then, triumphantly, TAKES all of AZIRAPHALE's pieces.

AZIRAPHALE (cont.)
Oh dear. Oh. Um. Well played. Another game?

CROWLEY
I don't think so. Quit while I'm ahead.
That's my motto.

AZIRAPHALE begins to put the pieces away.

AZIRAPHALE
So what does that make the score now?

CROWLEY
Let's see. At one game a week... that makes it, um... Three hundred and twelve thousand two hundred and nineteen games to me. And none to you.

AZIRAPHALE
What's going too well?

CROWLEY is playing with a little globe of the world on AZIRAPHALE's desk.

CROWLEY
Absolutely everything. This useless little excuse for a planet, for a start.

AZIRAPHALE
It's a very nice planet.

CROWLEY
No, it's not a very nice planet. It's a pathetic little unbelievably boring stuck in the middle of nowhere sorry excuse for a planet. But at least our head offices leave us alone.

A knock on the door.

AZIRAPHALE
Yes?

The Door opens to reveal a young woman, dressed in styles fashionable in about 1980. She's holding a clipboard. Her name's POLLY.

POLLY
Professor Aziraphale? It's about the Bennelini in the Cholmondely Bequest. But if you're busy...

AZIRAPHALE
Oh, no. Not at all. Polly, this is Mister Crowley. We go back a long way. He's just going.

CROWLEY
A delight, a pleasure, and a rare treat to make your acquaintance, Polly.

She looks at him unimpressed.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Well, you mustn't keep the young lady waiting.

INT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM. CORRIDOR-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE, CROWLEY, and POLLY walk down the corridor.

POLLY
I always feel it is such a privilege to work in the British Museum, surrounded by the great works of art from the entirety of human culture... When I get a little silly I think that Heaven must be a lot like this.

CROWLEY
Yes, that is silly. Heaven's even more boring. But the decor's similar.

AZIRAPHALE glares at him. POLLY isn't sure if this is a joke or not.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Well, I'll be off. You on for a rematch next week?

AZIRAPHALE
With pleasure.

CROWLEY heads off one way down a long corridor. AZIRAPHALE and POLLY go off the other way, feet echoing on the polished tile floor.

POLLY
The problem is with Bennelini's Portrait of Rudolfo, Duke of Venice. I hate dreadfully to disturb you with it, but...

CROWLEY has reached the far end of the corridor. The he turns and SHOUTS.

CROWLEY
(loud and echoing)
Oy!

AZIRAPHALE and POLLY turn.

CROWLEY (cont.)
It's all going too well!

INT BRITISH MUSEUM. LOBBY-- DAY.

We watch as CROWLEY walks through the crowded lobby of the British Museum. He passes a MAN with a wallet sticking out of his back pocket, and almost as a reflex action, PICKS HIS POCKET, and TOSSES the wallet into the bag of a couple on the other side of him. This is done as one movement, and he just keeps on walking. When CROWLEY is almost at the door he PAUSES.

WALLET MAN
My wallet! Miranda -- someone's just stolen my wallet!

MIRANDA
Oh come on, Clevedon --

The MAN whose wallet was pinched catches sight of it in the other tourists' bag.

WALLET MAN
You! Hey! That's mine! Thief!

He makes a GRAB for the bag. A SCUFFLE ensues -- the SECURITY GUARDS are moving in. CROWLEY, having sown a little discord, smiles and pushes through the museum's glass doors.

EXT. BRITISH MUSEUM FORECOURT-- DAY.

CROWLEY heads down the steps from the museum. He's talking to himself, out loud, unselfconsciously.

CROWLEY
It is going too well. And I can tell you that I for one don't like it one bit.

EXT. MUSEUM STREET-- DAY.

The narrow one-way street outside the British Museum. The road is partly blocked by a large, beautiful, jet black 1930s vintage BENTLEY, parked half-on half-off the sidewalk. A TRAFFIC WARDEN is jotting down the particulars of the car. As CROWLEY reaches it, she puts his parking ticket on his front window. CROWLEY continues his monologue as he gets up to her.

CROWLEY
Last time things were going this well, the boss came over to me, he said, "Crowley, put on the serpent suit. I'm sending you to Earth". Next thing you know I'm flogging apples to a naked bimbo and her half-witted excuse for a husband.

WARDEN
Is this your vehicle, sir?

In reply CROWLEY takes the ticket from the windscreen, CRUMPLES it up, opens the car door, THROWS the balled-up ticket into the back of the Bentley, where it joins two or three hundred others, similarly crumpled.

WARDEN (cont.)
I do have a carbon copy, you know.

CROWLEY
Of course you do.

He gets in the Bentley, puts his foot on the gas, and accelerates off at a speed that should be impossible in central London.

The TRAFFIC WARDEN looks down at her notepad. The page that CROWLEY's details were on has begun to char around the edges. It bursts into flame. She throws it to the ground in horror.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION ROOM-- DAY.

A large room; a number of PEOPLE IN SUITS are standing around, staring at a painting.

CHOLMONDELY
...and you're sure this man of yours will be able to authenticate it?

WHITE
Professor Aziraphale is never wrong. Of course he's barmy as a box of fruit-bats. Been here since the year dot. But he's always right.

They turn as AZIRAPHALE comes in, with POLLY. They all look at

him respectfully.

GREEN
Ah. Professor Aziraphale.

WHITE
It's the Bennelini. There appears to be some question as to its provenance-

CHOLMONDELY
It's obviously genuine. I really don't see the point of troubling-

GREEN
So we were hoping you could sort this out for us.

They step aside to reveal the PAINTING. It's a very impressive medieval painting of a Prince. AZIRAPHALE blinks at it thoughtfully.

AZIRAPHALE
It's very pretty, isn't it?

BROWN
Whether it's pretty or not is beside the point.

WHITE
Is it genuine?

AZIRAPHALE
Oh no. It's definitely not genuine.

BROWN
Why not?

AZIRAPHALE blinks, innocently.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, because Bennelini didn't paint it. I know I'd definitely remember it if he had.

AZIRAPHALE turns to walk out. The Museum GUARDS throw a SHEET

over the painting. CHOLMONDELY turns to WHITE and GREEN, who look triumphant.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB-- LATE AFTERNOON

CROWLEY's nightclub is on top of a London hill of San Franciscan steepness. He parks the car half-way up the hill, and walks up the hill towards the Nightclub. At the top of the Hill is THE NIGHTCLUB: a door painted black. In discreet letters we see "THE HELLFIRE CLUB" painted on the door (*Anthony Crowley Proprietor Licensed to sell Wines and Spirits*). He fumbles for his KEYS. As he does so, the door is OPENED by TINA, the barman.

TINA
'Ullo, Mister C.

CROWLEY
Tina. Any problems?

TINA
The brewery shipment was late. And the sound system's playing up again, but Warren says he can get it sorted out by this evening, easy.

CROWLEY
That's good.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB-- DAY.

We're inside THE HELLFIRE CLUB, at 5:30 in the afternoon. It's painted black inside, with mirrors, and plastic chairs and lots of lighting to create atmosphere. Right now all the special lighting's turned off, and it looks as dreary and lifeless as any Disco during the day. There's a bar in the background, and a rather crudely painted red and orange fire motif on the bottom of each black wall. CROWLEY grabs the bar receipts and glances at them.

CROWLEY
Sheep, Tina. They're sheep. People are so stupid. Hmm. Why not get bigger cocktail umbrellas for the fancy drinks? And up the price, ooh, two hundred percent?

TINA
You're the boss, Mister Crowley.

CROWLEY
(moodily)
It's going too well.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

The thump-thump of late seventies/early eighties disco music (*That's the way uhuhuh I like it uhuhuh*, and things equally as unpleasant). Flashing disco lights. People with gold medallions dance enthusiastically out on the dance floor. Young lady BAR-MAID-WAITRESSES, IMPS, dressed in red demon suits with tails and horns, thread among the punters carrying trays of drinks and never spilling anything. It's packed. It's very dated. Every-one's enjoying themselves except CROWLEY. He checks his watch. He accosts MARJORIE, one of the young women in demon costumes. He's SHOUTING to be heard over the music.

CROWLEY
Marjorie? I'm going to be in my office. I don't want to be disturbed. Not by anyone.

She nods to show she's understood.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB CORRIDORS-- NIGHT.

We follow CROWLEY back-stage as he ambles through the bowels of the night club. He passes occasional WAITRESSES and BOUNCERS on the way, who nod to him respectfully.

INT. CROWLEY'S OFFICE-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY's office is not particularly demonic. It's windowless -- probably underground. Normally lit, with walls not painted black. CROWLEY locks the door. Then he gets down three big black CANDLES in ornate candlesticks from the mantelpiece, and lights them. (Either he runs his fingertip down the wall, like a match, and the finger lights; or he pulls out a very expensive black cigarette lighter) As he lights the last one the candle flames FLARE UP like fireworks.

CROWLEY
Hello? It's me.

There is no reply that we can hear. CROWLEY is obviously listening to something.

CROWLEY
Of course it's all going fine. You've read my latest report.

CROWLEY
I'm positive. Mobile telephones.

CROWLEY
Well, you weren't impressed when I came up with airline meals, were you? Or sitcom laugh tracks.

CROWLEY
Yeah, okay.

CROWLEY
By the way, there's no-one down there putting backward messages on rock songs, is there? Hmph. Well, If I'm not doing it and you're not doing it...

CROWLEY
Okay. Well, hey. It's been real. I'll call back again next --

CROWLEY
What? You're kidding.

CROWLEY
Himself?

CROWLEY
(shaken -- worried)
No. No of course. That would be. Fine. Just. Fine. I'll wait for him to contact me. Well. I'll be seeing... him...

The candle flames FLICKER down to the size of normal candle flames, and GO OUT. CROWLEY sits down behind his desk. Smiles grimly.

CROWLEY
I knew it was all going too well.

EXT. HYDE PARK-- DAY.

A laughing CHILD takes an ICE-CREAM from a WOMAN. People are out in the sun. We're in Hyde park in London. A lovely summer's day. CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are walking toward us. CROWLEY is moodier than previously, AZIRAPHALE is in good spirits.

AZIRAPHALE
Ah, the selflessness of humanity. When I saw that woman give her ice-cream to the little girl it made me realise once more just how beautiful a thing is--

CROWLEY
Hold on. That woman back there?

AZIRAPHALE
Yes. It made me see that --

CROWLEY
But she'd dropped it on the ground.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, yes, but --

CROWLEY
She'd dropped it on the ground and a dog had licked it. That's not selfless. That's too-lazy-to-walk-to-the-rubbish-bin.

AZIRAPHALE
But the child was happy.

CROWLEY
Ah, it's back onto happy again is it now? If happy were any criterion Heaven would be swarming with drunks, morons, and home shopping network audiences.

AZIRAPHALE
But it was a good deed.

They've reached the duck pond. AZIRAPHALE takes out a brown paper bag from his coat pocket, and begins tossing bread to the ducks.

CROWLEY
Which reminds me. That painting you looked at the other day. The Cholmondely bequest thing.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh yes. The Bennelini. It seemed there was some question as to its authenticity.

CROWLEY looks delighted.

CROWLEY
It was a fake, wasn't it?

AZIRAPHALE
Well, yes.

CROWLEY
I love human beings. They're so reliable.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, they do the decent thing often as not.

CROWLEY takes a crust of bread from AZIRAPHALE, and tosses it to a duck.

CROWLEY
When there's something in it for them.

The DUCK takes the Crowley crust of bread and SINKS straight down.

AZIRAPHALE
Really!

He gestures with his hand. THE DUCK comes bobbing back up, quacking and flapping in distress.

CROWLEY
Sorry. Force of habit.

AZIRAPHALE tosses the last of the crumbs to the ducks, folds up the paper bag and puts it back in his pocket.

AZIRAPHALE
So. It's going too well?

They start to walk back towards the road, through the crowds.

CROWLEY
Not any more it's not.

AZIRAPHALE
Why not?

CROWLEY
I can't tell you that.

AZIRAPHALE looks at him, puzzled.

CROWLEY
You're the opposition.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, technically, yes.

CROWLEY
Bugger technically. You're an angel, I'm a demon. All right, we've had an agreement for a long time...

AZIRAPHALE
(hurt)
Six thousand years.

CROWLEY
Oh, don't look at me like that...

CROWLEY sighs.

CROWLEY (cont.)
You know what I said about head office leaving us alone?

AZIRAPHALE
Mm.

They've reached CROWLEY's car, parked beneath a No Parking Sign.

CROWLEY
Well, my lot aren't. Not any more.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh dear.

CROWLEY gets into his car; comes to a decision.

CROWLEY
Look, come over to the Nightclub Thursday night. After we close. We can talk then.

INT. NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

It's another riotous night in the nightclub. The music is thumping. Men with medallions dance uncomfortably on the dance floor. There's a party over at some of the tables in the corner who are definitely having too much fun -- MADAME TRACY is the centre of attention. CROWLEY is wearing a black suit (and dark glasses of course). He surveys the room.

CROWLEY goes over to the Bar. He signals TINA, the barman.

CROWLEY
How's it going?

TINA
S'alright. I'm not sure about that lot in the corner though.

The lot in the corner -- a knot of rather strange bohemian types, being queened over by a red-haired woman we will come to know as MADAME TRACY. All of them are drunk and having a real good time. MADAME TRACY is dressed expensively, if eccentrically, and was obviously once terribly attractive. Those days are now a little behind her, alas. But she's still got class, if class of a somewhat flaky kind.

CROWLEY sees them and nods. He walks over to the people in the corner.

CROWLEY
Everything all right here?

MADAME TRACY
(toasting him with her glass)
It's my birthday, dahling. Who are you?

CROWLEY
This is my nightclub.

MADAME TRACY
It's very impressive.

A WAITRESS turns up with another tray full of drinks. MADAME TRACY takes one. Her friends take the rest.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
They think I'm very rich. That's why they like me.

CROWLEY
Are you?

MADAME TRACY
Well...

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
(she looks around, whispers loudly)
... I've just been paid off by my... very important friend. He says I'm getting too old. But it's in cash. Always take it in cash. You can stop a cheque, you can't stop cash. I thought maybe I'd buy a house with it. Settle down somewhere.

CROWLEY
Good idea.

CROWLEY looks over toward the bar. A huge TROUBLEMAKER is causing trouble -- he's GRABBING at the bottoms of the IMP WAITRESSES as they walk past. Suddenly he grabs MARJORIE'S red devil tail -- she TRIPS over, SPILLING drinks.

There's a beat of sudden silence.

CROWLEY (to Madame Tracy)
Excuse me.

CROWLEY heads over to the TROUBLEMAKER -- a rich young yuppie money market type. WARREN, the bouncer has also moved in --he's a number of sizes bigger than CROWLEY. CROWLEY holds up a hand to him, and WARREN steps back into the shadows.

CROWLEY (cont.)
That wasn't very nice, sir, was it? Now, I suggest that you apologise to the nice young lady and then you get out of this nightclub and you don't ever ever come back.

The TROUBLEMAKER stares down at CROWLEY for a beat. Then he puts his hand into his pocket and pulls out a small fan of £20 notes. He wads them up and pushes them into CROWLEY's breast pocket.

TROUBLEMAKER
Now fuck off.

CROWLEY takes the money from his breast pocket. Looks at it. Tosses it to the WAITRESS who was tripped over, MARJORIE.

CROWLEY
I'm sure this will help cheer Marjorie up. However the management here still doesn't want your custom.

The TROUBLEMAKER stares at CROWLEY, and then decides that he's not worth bothering with. He begins to turn away.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Listen, sunshine. This is my club, and I want you out. Now.

The TROUBLEMAKER stares at CROWLEY. Then he SWINGS a punch at him.

CROWLEY's hand simply CATCHES the guy's fist, and holds it there. Suddenly the TROUBLEMAKER is obviously in a lot of pain. CROWLEY grins and squeezes. He turns to the BOUNCER.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Show the gentleman out, Warren.

WARREN
Yes, Mister Crowley.

INT. BATHROOM OF NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY walks into the nightclub bathroom. There's no-one around. He goes over to the sink, splashes water in his face, stares at himself in the mirror.

A beat. He stands there, tired.

Then the reflected men's room in the Mirror wavers; is replaced with two huge eyes -- SATAN's eyes -- staring at CROWLEY. If there's more than one mirror in the bathroom, every mirror has the eyes in it. SATAN's voice echoes through the bathroom -- a silky, businesslike voice that's still echoing and distant and powerful.

SATAN
Crowley.

CROWLEY is terrified, but isn't showing it very much.

CROWLEY
Yes, Lord. ...That is you, isn't it?

SATAN
Of course. I need to see you.

CROWLEY
You need me to -- to come... back? Down?

SATAN
No. I'm coming to you. Let me see. I'll be with you in, hmm. Half an hour. 2:00 am local time.

CROWLEY
You're coming here? I -- I'll have to clean up. Get rid of the people.

SATAN
I'm not coming to your little club, Crowley. I'll be...

The EYES in the mirror are replaced for a second by a MAP. A place on the map FLARES red.

SATAN
There.

The EYES return.

CROWLEY
Right.

SATAN
I am a very busy individual, Crowley. Please don't be late.

CROWLEY
No Lord, I wouldn't--

The eyes have VANISHED. CROWLEY's staring at his own reflection in the mirror.

CROWLEY (cont.)
--dream of it.

He stands there for a moment, then catches sight of his watch. It's 1:30 already.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Shit!

INT. CORRIDOR IN NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY, running down the corridor towards us. He's late.

INT. NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY, heading off through the nightclub, dodging the imp waitresses, pushing his way through the punters. MADAME TRACY lurches in front of him, coquettishly.

MADAME TRACY
Ah, there you are. You fascinating man.

CROWLEY
I'm going somewhere.

MADAME TRACY
That's what I admire about you. You're going somewhere. Look at me, dahling. Where am I going?

CROWLEY
Look, lady, I'm in a hurry, all right? You're going to have to sort this one out for yourself.

He breaks free, and makes a dash for the door.

Hold on MADAME TRACY, staring after him.

MADAME TRACY
How wise.

She grabs another drink from a passing tray, and sways back toward her friends.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

The Bentley roaring towards us through the night, in the centre of LONDON.

INT. THE BENTLEY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY rams a cassette into the cassette player. A hard rock version of Buddy Holly's 'Every Day' begins to play, a driving, hard rock beat. "*Every day, it's a getting closer, going faster than a roller coaster...*" It continues through this sequence.

EXT. STREET-- NIGHT.

We see the Bentley doing an impossible speed down a quiet suburban road.

It drives past a POLICE CAR, waiting in a side street.

With a wail of SIRENS the police car gives chase.

INT. THE BENTLEY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY
Not now.

EXT. THE STREET-- NIGHT.

The Bentley, followed by the police car. It's a high speed CHASE, heading out of the city. The siren continues.

INT. THE BENTLEY-- NIGHT.

The Dashboard clock says 1:52

CROWLEY
I'm going to be late. I don't believe this...

He takes one hand off the steering wheel and traces a MAGICAL GESTURE in the air with it. The air GLOWS orange for a second -- a glowing afterimage.

INT. THE POLICE CAR-- NIGHT.

Two POLICEMEN -- the one driving is grinning to himself. CROWLEY's car is slowing down in front of them.

COP 1
Right. You bastard. We've got you now.

Then we hear the police car ENGINE begin to make a strange noise -- an almost liquid GURGLING. The police siren slows down at the same time, descending in pitch as it slows and STOPS -- and as it stops, so does the car.

INT. BENTLEY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY listens with satisfaction to the police siren stop. Then he puts his foot on the gas pedal. The music gets louder. The car turns into a narrow driveway, badly paved.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY-- NIGHT.

The Music stops.

We're a long way away from London right now. We could have driven onto the set of a Hammer Horror movie -- or rather, a location that a Hammer Location scout would have had wet dreams about. It's a ruined Abbey in the moonlight; crumbling ivy-covered brickwork. Dead trees coming out of the walls. Bats fly out of a ruined bell tower.

The screen goes black. The blackness resolves itself into someone in a suit standing with their back to us. This is SATAN, although we can't see him properly yet.

Satan's Point of view: CROWLEY's Bentley draws up with a screech of brakes. He gets OUT at a run, runs towards us frantically, TRIPS, and SPRAWLS at our feet. He looks up at us in fear.

CROWLEY
Er. Hi.

SATAN
(out of shot)
You're late.

We now see SATAN, from CROWLEY's point of view. Starting at the feet and slowly panning up the immaculate trousers, to the perfectly cut jacket, and winding up on the face. SATAN looks really cool -- he has presence. He looks like the ultimate businessman. No horns, no fangs: just so cool it's scary. He's also very good looking.

CROWLEY
I'm very sorry.

SATAN
You will be. Don't just grovel, Crowley.
Get up.

CROWLEY
Yes, Lord.

CROWLEY gets up.

SATAN
You may be wondering why I asked you here tonight.

CROWLEY
Yes, Lord.

SATAN
Rhetorical question. I wasn't expecting an answer, Crowley.

CROWLEY begins to say something and then doesn't and just NODS vigorously.

SATAN looks around him, thoughtfully. He begins to walk, and CROWLEY stumbles after him.

SATAN (cont.)
So, this is Earth. I wonder why He thinks it's so important. Doesn't look much to me. Do you think it's important, Crowley?

Crowley says nothing.

SATAN (cont.)
I was expecting an answer.

CROWLEY
Well, actually, I was thinking of mentioning that it's really not a very important place, I mean, very unimportant indeed really, and, well, there's dull, and, oh, if you were thinking of transferring me somewhere a little more exciting, I wouldn't say no.

SATAN
You want out?

CROWLEY
It's been six thousand years.

SATAN
It'll all be over soon.

CROWLEY
(delighted)
Really?

SATAN
One way or the other. He must think it's important. I mean, He sent His son down here. And what an abortion that scenario was. I offered him all the cities of the world, you know?

CROWLEY
We've got a few more cities since then.

SATAN

If He had to send a son somewhere, why not send the lad somewhere interesting, like Alpha Centauri?

CROWLEY
I've always wanted to go there.

SATAN
But if He picked this contemptible little mudball, then I suppose I have to do likewise. And my son is going to do a little better than His.

CROWLEY
Your what?

SATAN
That's why I called you here, Crowley.

SATAN reaches out his hand. There's a flurry of SPARKS: A CRIB materialises in the shadows. SATAN stands looking at it.

SATAN (cont.)
Well, pick it up.

CROWLEY picks up the crib, gingerly. He peers inside it.

CROWLEY
It's a baby.

SATAN
Of course it's a baby. My baby. Your job, Crowley, is to raise my son, properly. I want him to be a son I can be proud of. A task I trust you're up to, Crowley?

CROWLEY nods furiously.

SATAN (cont.)
I'll be back to check on him when next I can fit it into my schedule. In the meantime, you're to oversee his upbringing.

CROWLEY
You'll be proud of him, lord.

SATAN
Oh, I'd better be. Do well on this and you'll be promoted off Earth.

CROWLEY
Oh wonderful news.

SATAN
But mess up on this, Crowley. Mess up on this...

(The following is said totally matter of factly. It's not a threat. He's just stating a fact.)

SATAN (cont.)
And the most pitiable pus-choked damned soul in Hell, in the deepest, fieriest pit of the inferno, undergoing the vilest torments ever devised will be laughing down his leprous nose at you. Because I'll create a whole new pit, just for you. And no matter how bad anyone's ever suffered in the past... You'll have it worse. Do I make myself clear?

CROWLEY tries to speak but words fail him, and he just nods.

SATAN (cont.)
Terrific. Well, have a good time. I'll see you in...

He checks his watch.

SATAN
About eleven years.

And SATAN has gone.

CROWLEY looks into the crib again. This time a shaft of moonlight illuminates the BABY for us. We see it for the first time. It's a really sweet baby. It stares out at us, sweetly, innocently. Then it starts to cry.

INT. YOUNG ANATHEMA'S ROOM-- NIGHT.

We're in a bedroom in America. A young girl's bedroom, hung with pony posters, but also with a few rather strange occulty posters. On the shelves are cute little dolls but also a few strange little magical talismans. A cute green toy alligator hangs from the ceiling, in a parody of the classical alchemists' sanctum illustrations. In her bed, holding a little witch doll, is YOUNG ANATHEMA. She's about ten, with a pale face and black hair. She's asleep. The room is dark.

She screams.

ANATHEMA'S MOTHER
(Voice off)
Anathema? Anathema? Are you okay honey?

The child screams.

The light is turned on. Her MOTHER comes in, a dark-haired lady, vaguely witchy. She sits on the bed next to the sobbing child.

MOTHER
Anathema?

ANATHEMA opens her startlingly green eyes. She's terrified. Her MOTHER strokes her hair, trying to calm the scared child. Around ANATHEMA's neck dangles a little NECKLACE with, hanging from it, something unique and memorable, like a glass eye.

YOUNG ANATHEMA
(scared)
Momma? It's here. It's here. I saw it.

MOTHER
It was only a dream, hon.

YOUNG ANATHEMA
(sobbing)
It wasn't a dream. It's begun.

MOTHER
What's begun?

YOUNG ANATHEMA
(sobbing)
The end of the world. The... end... of the... world...

INT. NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT

Cut to the NIGHTCLUB. It's empty of customers, now, and a couple of IMPS are already wiping up the tables. TINA, the barman walks over to the corner of the room, where something that looks like a pile of clothes is on the table. He shakes it. MADAME TRACY looks up at him, blearily.

MADAME TRACY
...Not now, dahling. Can't you see I'm thinking?

TINA
Come on, lady. We're closed.

MADAME TRACY looks around, and takes a little more stock of where she is. A penny drops.

MADAME TRACY
My friends? I had... friends...

TINA
They left ages ago. Come on, we're closed. Some of us have beds to go to.

MADAME TRACY
But dahling. It's my birthday. I'm...

She begins to count on her fingers. Then she bursts into TEARS.

MADAME TRACY
What am I going to do?

TINA
You're going to go home.

MADAME TRACY
There are so many things I haven't done.

She stops crying as suddenly as she began.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
I've been all over the world, dahling. I've slept with princes. I've bathed in champagne. I've worn caviar and eaten diamonds.. And... I should go home?

TINA physically helps her out of her chair, and walks her to the door.

TINA
You'll feel fine in the morning.

INT. THE BENTLEY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY, driving. He passes the police car we saw chasing him earlier. It's parked by the side of the road, and the POLICE have got the hood up, and are staring sadly at the engine.

CROWLEY grins and WAVES at them.

Then he catches sight of the baby-crib in the front seat and stops smiling.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB CLOAKROOM-- NIGHT.

TINA
Have you got a coat?

MADAME TRACY
Over there.

TINA reaches over the counter and hooks MADAME TRACY's coat -- it's the only coat left there. There's a HUGE BAG as well -- like a large black gladstone bag.

TINA
That your bag?

MADAME TRACY
Indubi-indubi-dubidubi... Mm-hh.

He gives her the bag. She fumbles it open, and we see that it's half-filled with CASH. She reaches in and gives him an old £10 note. TINA waves it away.

TINA
Just go home.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

MADAME TRACY stumbles, drunk and flaky, out of the nightclub. She stares, intimidated, at the hill that goes down on each side. Takes one or two lurching steps. Then PUTS DOWN her bag, by the door. Looks around. The street is deserted.

MADAME TRACY
(hopefully)
Taxi!

It doesn't work, no taxi turns up, and she stumbles off down the hill, leaving her open BAG full of money behind.

EXT. THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL-- NIGHT

CROWLEY in the bentley heads toward us. MADAME TRACY steps out from the sidewalk and WAVES at him.

MADAME TRACY
Taxi!

CROWLEY drives past her.

We follow CROWLEY's car up the hill. He parks near the night-club.

He reaches into the crib and takes out a newborn BABY, dressed in something fairly sweet. He cradles the BABY awkwardly in his arms -- he's obviously not a man used to the mechanics of baby holding.

The nightclub door's open and a handful of imp WAITRESSES, now in normal day clothes, come out. They are going home. He sees them just before they see him, and MOVES the baby behind his back. He's now flustered, as well as scared.

MARJORIE IMP
Hullo, Mister Crowley. See you tomorrow.

IMPS
Goodnight, Mister Crowley.

CROWLEY
Goodnight Charlotte. Night Lisa. Night Marjorie.

The BABY coos or gurgles from behind his back. The IMPS dart CROWLEY a puzzled look and head off down the hill.

EXT. A STREET -- NIGHT

MADAME TRACY waves down a London TAXI successfully, and clambers in. Then she looks around, puzzled. She's missing something.

EXT. THE NIGHTCLUB STREET -- NIGHT

TINA, the Barman comes out. He's got a key in his hand. CROW-LEY's still got the baby behind his back.

TINA
Oh. Hullo Mister Crowley. I was just locking up.

CROWLEY
Don't worry about that, Tina. I'll do that. You can take off, now. I've got some things to do.

It is now starting to become uncomfortable and awkward for CROWLEY, standing there with a baby behind his back.

TINA
Mister Crowley? Can I have a quick word with you inside? It's about the bar orders.

CROWLEY
This is not a good time, Tina. Can't it wait till tomorrow?

TINA
It's my day off tomorrow.

TINA obviously has no intention of going anywhere until he's had his conversation.

CROWLEY
Quickly, then.

TINA goes back inside. CROWLEY looks around, fast. The Bentley's parked too far away. TINA'S standing in the hallway. CROWLEY doesn't want anyone to see THE BABY. But there's an open bag -- Madame Tracy's -- at his feet. He knows this isn't the optimum solution, but he does it anyway. He puts the BABY into the BAG. It looks perfectly happy.

CROWLEY
(whispers to the baby)
You keep quiet. This'll only be for a minute. Don't tell your dad.

He walks into the hall, where he can keep glancing out at the street.

We stay outside in the street, so we can see the bag by the door, and into the hallway of the nightclub. TINA goes off and turns up a few seconds later with a few sheets of paper.

He and CROWLEY begin to have a conversation that we can't hear, which is a good thing because it's undoubtedly really dull, about the bar. TINA obviously wants CROWLEY to come with him to actually look at the bar, and CROWLEY doesn't want to. although he's starting to get distracted from the bag outside.

There's a SCREECH of wheels.

A TAXI draws up in the street. MADAME TRACY flies out, GRABS her bag, and gets back in the TAXI, which DRIVES OFF.

SLOW MOTION: CROWLEY TURNS in horror. He's RUNNING towards us, but it's too late -- the TAXI'S heading away, down the hill. FREEZE on his despairing face.

INT. TAXI-- NIGHT.

MADAME TRACY in the Taxi, with the bag on the seat next to her. She hasn't looked into it yet.

MADAME TRACY
There. Thank you so much.

TAXI DRIVER
No Problem, lady. So where to now?

TRACY
I want to go home.

Luckily she's got one of the nice taxi drivers -- the patient, helpful ones.

TAXI DRIVER
And where exactly is home?

MADAME TRACY is confused once more.

TRACY
(guessing, tentatively)
Oh dear. Manhattan? Zurich? Waikiki?

TAXI DRIVER
It's going to have to be somewhere in England, I'm afraid.

MADAME TRACY
Oh. Well, dahling, there was somewhere I stayed when I was a little girl. One of those nice little seaside towns. With a pier.

TAXI DRIVER
So you want to go to a little seaside town, with a pier?

But MADAME TRACY is ASLEEP.

TAXI DRIVER (cont.)
You're paying.

We pan across the back seat, from MADAME TRACY'S sleeping face, to the sleeping BABY's.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY walks backward and forward outside the nightclub. He looks torn between a hundred different prospective solutions, all of them equally unworkable. He looks miserable.

Then he sighs, and goes inside, shutting the door behind him.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY turns on a dim light as he goes in. He goes over to the bar and stares at it. Behind the bar is one of those terrific assortments of BOTTLES, all with different coloured liqueurs in them, with crystals and worms and sticks and things. He stares at the bottles.

CROWLEY
(gloomily, to himself)
Left to right, or alphabetically?

He takes a CHAIR off a table and sits down. The FIRST BOTTLE -- Aardvark Schnapps -- SWOOPS over from the bar and SETTLES itself down in front of him, along with a GLASS, and ICE CUBES, which land in the glass.

The CORK comes out of the bottle and the bottle POURS a full glass of alcohol into a glass.

CROWLEY picks up the glass. He TOASTS the air.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Here's to a long and painful eternity in the lowest pit of Hell.

He DOWNS the drink in one gulp. The bottle pours him another. He drinks it down...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHTCLUB. A FEW HOURS LATER-- NIGHT.

The screen unfuzzes. A few hours have passed. We know this because there are EMPTY BOTTLES everywhere, and CROWLEY's looking very drunk. The table's completely covered in empty bottles, as is the floor nearby.

CROWLEY
(singing)
Eleven thousand, one hundred and fifty two damned souls crisping in the pit... And if one poor bastard is toasted on a spit... There'll be eleven thousand one hundred and fifty one damned souls crisping in the pit...

He raises his glass. It's empty. CROWLEY GESTURES. Another full bottle comes off the three-quarters-emptied back of the bar toward him. Only this one LURCHES drunkenly through the air incredibly unsteadily -- it wobbles and jerks, as if being teleported by a drunk.

It hits the side of the table with a klunk. Edges awkwardly onto it. The cork pops out and it pours its contents into his glass -- slopping a certain amount over the side.

CROWLEY (cont.)
(sings)
Eleven thousand, one hundred and fifty one damned souls...

He downs the drink again, and holds out his glass unsteadily for more.

AZIRAPHALE
(out of shot)
Just look at you.

CROWLEY looks up, blearily. AZIRAPHALE is standing looking down at him. CROWLEY is very drunk.

CROWLEY
Hullo. Sit down. Have a bottle. I'm up to the V's. You want Vodka? Vamburgh Apricot Liquor? Vat 69? How'd you get in anyway?

AZIRAPHALE
I rang the bell, but no-one answered. So I did a little miracle and came in.

CROWLEY
Breaking and Entering. S'not a miracle. S' a sin. I do the sins around here... 'N tempting. I'm good at tempting. Can I tempt you to have a little drink with me?

AZIRAPHALE
You're drunk.

CROWLEY
I'm doomed, Aziraphale.

AZIRAPHALE
Of course you are. You're a demon. That means you're on the side of Evil, and thus, no matter how well it seems you're doing in the short term, in the long term you are indeed doomed, because evil always contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction.

CROWLEY
No, me. Now. I'm doomed. The Devil gave me his son. Satan's son. And I was meant to raise him, and, and everything. And if I mess up they'll create a whole new pit for me. And no matter how bad anyone's ever suffered in the past, I'll have it worse. He said so.

He looks up at us, hopelessly.

CROWLEY (cont.)
I messed up. I've lost the little bugger. I've lost the Antichrist.

Crowley STANDS UP, suddenly, sending the table FLYING as he does so. The empty wine and liqueur bottles hit the floor and SMASH. He doesn't appear to notice.

CROWLEY (cont.)
Maybe I could defect. Yes! Would your side be interested in taking me back?

AZIRAPHALE just stares at him.

CROWLEY
Silly question.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, where did you see the boy last?

CROWLEY
He's just a baby. I just put him down outside for a second. I mean, just a second. And voom.

AZIRAPHALE
Babies don't voom.

CROWLEY
This one did.

AZIRAPHALE
You are in trouble, aren't you?

CROWLEY nods.

AZIRAPHALE (cont.)
You know, if both of us were looking -- an angel and a demon -- I'm sure it wouldn't take us long to find him.

CROWLEY
You'd help?

AZIRAPHALE
Certainly. But on one condition. When we find him, you have to permit me to exert my good influence on the boy. Teach him right from wrong. All that.

CROWLEY
But. The boss wants a son he can be proud of. Evil. Like him. Out of the question. I'm not having you messing round with the boy.

AZIRAPHALE
Fine. Well, I'm sure that you can find him easily on your own.

A beat. Then, for the first time in quite a while, CROWLEY grins.

CROWLEY
You know, for an angel, you can be a real bastard sometimes.

AZIRAPHALE gestures. The fallen TABLE rights itself, and the bottles UNSMASH.

CROWLEY
But you've got to promise not to mention a word of this to your head office.

CROWLEY POINTS heavenward as he says this.

AZIRAPHALE
Angel's honour.

The Screen begins to fade into darkness.

CROWLEY
Yeah. All right. it's a deal. After all, with both of us looking for him. Well, how hard can it be?

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPTION: **ELEVEN YEARS LATER.**

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM-- DAY.

We are looking at the town of TADFIELD -- a little english town. We can see the beach, and hear the seagulls. Down on the beach is an old victorian pier, now just a rotting hulk of junk sticking out into the sea, with a few peeling gothic structures on it.

An alarm clock goes off.

We've been looking out of the window of ADAM's room. Now we look at the bedroom itself. It's decorated on a very low budget -- a boy's bedroom, with a few toys, all old and fairly beaten up, around the place, a hand-glued space-ship dangling from a piece of cotton on the ceiling. Drawings on the wall. ADAM is in bed, head under the covers. There's a three-quarters finished model of Tadfield pier that ADAM's making, on a work-table.

His HAND comes out of the sheets and turns off the alarm clock. It's 7:00 am.

ADAM blinks at us, sleepily. His face is innocent, and 100% pure boy.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN-- DAY.

The kitchen of MADAME TRACY's Bed and Breakfast. It's a big old house, somewhat run-down, near the SEA-FRONT, in TADFIELD, a run-down, eternally out-of-season resort town.

ADAM, now dressed in a tee-shirt and jeans, puts on a kettle to boil. He puts the bread into the toaster.

There's a noise from the hallway, as of letters falling through the letterbox into the hall. ADAM goes off to get them, returns with the letters. He's OPENING them.

Two bills and a letter.

He reaches down a biscuit tin, and pulls out the cheque book from it.

He writes out a couple of cheques, leaves the signature blank.

Then he takes a tray, and puts the cheques, bills and the letter on the tray, along with a saucer, milk, and two slices of toast.

The kettle boils. He pours the hot water into the tea-pot.

INT. THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MADAME TRACY'S ROOM-- DAY.

ADAM's holding a tray of breakfast things. He knocks on the door.

TRACY
(off)
Is that you, dahling boy?

INT. MADAME TRACY'S BEDROOM-- DAY.

ADAM walks in to a darkened room. He puts the tray down beside MADAME TRACY's bed, then opens the curtains. MADAME TRACY's eleven years older. Her hair's much longer and wilder. Her room is decorated in low budget exotic. She's in bed. She's sober these days, but no less delightfully flaky.

MADAME TRACY
Wonderful child.

ADAM
The gas bill's in, and the bill for the new bathroom mirror.

MADAME TRACY
Yes?

ADAM
I've written the cheques. All you have to do is sign them.

She signs the cheques while he pours her tea.

ADAM (cont.)
And there's a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Buck-ingham.

MADAME TRACY
(sighing)
Dear, dear Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham. When are they arriving?

ADAM
They aren't. He won the pools and they're going to Jamaica instead.

MADAME TRACY hands him the cheques and starts sipping her tea.

MADAME TRACY
Ah. So... so how many guests does that mean we'll have here this month, dahling?

ADAM
None.

MADAME TRACY
Really?

ADAM
Yes. But the Haythornthwaites are arriving on the 3rd of August, and Mr. and Mrs. Sim will be here on the tenth.

MADAME TRACY
Oh good.

The DOORBELL sounds.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
Get that Adam, there's a poppet.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE. DOORWAY-- DAY.

ADAM opens the door. The town COAL MERCHANT is standing there, with a sack of coal, and a clipboard.

COALMAN
Hello youngster. Is your mother home?

ADAM
I'll sign for it.

COALMAN
It should be your mother. Where is she?

ADAM
(cheerfully)
No idea. I've never met her. Madame Tracy's upstairs, though. But you'd honestly rather do business with me.

COALMAN
I would?

ADAM
Mm-hm.

He takes the clipboard from the coalman and signs ADAM YOUNG, in a large childish hand.

COALMAN
(reads)
Adam Young, eh? But she's not Mrs. Young.

ADAM
She's not Mrs. Anything. She's Madame Tracy.

EXT. THE GARDEN-- DAY.

The garden's fairly dilapidated. There's a coal-shed in the corner.

COALMAN
So the old loony isn't your mother, then?

ADAM
She's not an old loony.

COALMAN
You're adopted?

ADAM
Nope. Discovered. In there.

ADAM'S pointing to the coal-shed.

COALMAN
Discovered?

He POURS the coal out of the sack.

ADAM
That's what she says. How much do we owe?

COALMAN
Four pounds fifty.

ADAM takes out four pounds and fifty pence and gives them to him. The man pockets them.

ADAM
I need a receipt.

INT. THE KITCHEN-- DAY.

ADAM's putting the receipt for the coal neatly in a paper-clipped together pile of receipts.

MADAME TRACY enters, dressed in something flowing and impressive. Her hair is longer than it was eleven years ago, and she's if anything further out of touch with reality.

ADAM
It was the coal delivery.

MADAME TRACY
Oh good.

ADAM
Why Adam Young?

MADAME TRACY
What, dear?

ADAM
My name. Why did you pick it?

MADAME TRACY
Mm. Well, I bought a book with lots of names in it and started at the beginning. But Aaron is so ugly, isn't it? Adam was the

first one I liked.
And young, because you were. All pink, and small, and -- young. Aren't you going to be late for school?

ADAM
School term ended on Tuesday.

MADAME TRACY
Well, that's nice, dahling. Where are you going today?

ADAM shrugs.

ADAM
Out.

EXT. THE BEACH NEAR THE PIER-- DAY.

The beach by the pier. The weather's grey -- it's summer, but only in theory. There's no-one on the beach.

MADAME TRACY
(voice over)
And what are you going to do?

ADAM
(voice off)
Nothing.

We see ADAM wandering down the beach. He reaches a spot by the old pier, and sits down on the pebbles.

EXT. THE PIER-- DAY.

ADAM's viewpoint: The old PIER. It's a huge Victorian thing. There's no apparent way of getting to it from the beach -- they've torn up the steps, leaving only girders, and put up barbed wire around it. There are buildings on it -- the amusement palaces of sixty years ago, paint peeling, windows boarded up. It's a wonderful gothic nightmare that goes out into the sea for 100 yards.

EXT. THE BEACH NEAR THE PIER-- DAY.

ADAM stares at the pier.

Voices off -- three or four CHILDREN, talking amongst themselves.

ADAM looks disgruntled.

A rock splashes into the sea.

It's thrown by one of three other children, who, to make life easier we'll call BRIAN, WENSLEYDALE and PEPPER. PEPPER's a girl -- freckly and nice. They're wandering towards him. BRIAN's bigger than Adam. WENSLEYDALE's small and bespectacled.

PEPPER
Hello, Adam.

ADAM
mm.

BRIAN
What you doing?

ADAM doesn't reply. He just carries on staring at the pier.

BRIAN (cont.)
My dad says it's a real old eyesore. And dangerous. My dad says they'll be tearing it down soon. My dad says it should have come down years ago. My dad says --

ADAM
Brian, I don't want to know what your dad says.

ADAM gets up.

PEPPER
Adam? Do you want to go with us to the--

ADAM
I don't want to go anywhere. I just want to be on my own.

ADAM trudges off away, up the beach toward the town.

WENSLEYDALE
Hmph. Mister high and mighty. Who do you think you are, Adam Young?

BRIAN
An' who do you think your father is?

Close up on ADAM's face. That one went home. He keeps trudging off over the pebbles.

EXT. TADFIELD RAILWAY STATION-- DAY.

A TRAIN pulls up at Tadfield station -- a deserted seaside resort, British Rail station. Off it gets a young WOMAN, dressed in a manner that definitely suggests the occult. Black clothes. Hanging from around her neck is something we've seen before -- a glass eye on a necklace. It's ANATHEMA. She's got a slim suitcase. She's outstandingly attractive, and fairly young. She was ten years old when last we saw her -- she's twenty one now.

She goes over to the exit. An elderly station attendant, or GUARD, is waiting for her.

GUARD
Ticket please.

She gives him her ticket.

ANATHEMA
Where do I get a taxi?

The GUARD just looks at her. Through all this he speaks slowly and deliberately with long pauses, as if he's purposefully wringing exasperation out of quite a simple request.

ANATHEMA
A Taxi. Where do they leave from?

GUARD
...Is it one of them trick questions?

ANATHEMA
Do you have any taxis in this town?

The GUARD nods slowly, then says,

GUARD
...No.

ANATHEMA
Well, can I walk to the hotel from here?

GUARD
...Is it another one of them trick questions?

ANATHEMA
Is there a hotel in this town?

They nod in unison and repeat in unison,

GUARD AND ANATHEMA
...No.

ANATHEMA
Well, if I needed somewhere to stay, where would I go? It's not a trick question. Is there anywhere you'd recommend?

The GUARD nods slowly, and says,

GUARD
...No.

EXT. TADFIELD TOWN-- DAY.

We watch ANATHEMA walking down the houses that line the seafront, carrying her suitcase.

There's a sign in a window -- Bed and Breakfast. Vacancies.

ANATHEMA goes up to the house and KNOCKS on the door.

The door is opened by a stoutly respectable woman named MRS. PRUETT. She looks ANATHEMA up and down, taking in the black nail varnish and the occult necklace along the way.

MRS. PRUETT
(sniffs)
Yes?

ANATHEMA
I'm looking for a room.

MRS. PRUETT
Yes?

ANATHEMA
Well, do you have one?

MRS. PRUETT
That depends, dear. Do you have any references?

ANATHEMA
(incredulous)
References? You gotta be kidding.

MRS. PRUETT
I'm sorry.

She shuts the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE MRS. POTTS' HOUSE-- DAY.

ANATHEMA's standing on the doorstep with her suitcase, talking to another lady, MRS. POTTS.

MRS. POTTS
...normally only professional types.

ANATHEMA
But I am a professional.

MRS. POTTS
(doubtfully)
Oh Yes?

ANATHEMA
I'm a professional occultist.

MRS. POTTS
No thank you.

The door closes in ANATHEMA's face.

MONTAGE:
We see in quick succession a number of different doors, and a number of different townswomen closing them on ANATHEMA.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CAFE-- DAY.

ANATHEMA, still carrying her suitcase, looking pretty exhausted, passes the town cafe, a small and empty place. She goes in.

INT. THE CAFE-- DAY.

ANATHEMA sits down at the table. The town's only WAITRESS walks over, and licks her pencil stub. She looks at ANATHEMA expectantly.

ANATHEMA
Coffee, please. Black. And somewhere to stay.

WAITRESS
Somewhere to...stay?

ANATHEMA
Only kidding. It just seems like everywhere I've looked has been full, or they didn't like the look of me.

The WAITRESS has gone back to behind the counter to make the coffee.

WAITRESS
Oh dear. You've tried Mrs. Pruett? Mrs. Potts? Mrs. Biddle? Mrs. Wendigo?

ANATHEMA
And Mrs. Lovetree, Mrs. Goodyear, Mrs. Wensleydale, Mrs. Cookery and Mrs. Binns.

WAITRESS
Well, that's everyone that rents rooms in Tadfield.

She comes back with the coffee

WAITRESS (cont.)
Except Madame Tracy, but she's, well,
(lowers her voice)
not playing with a full orchestra.

ANATHEMA
Sorry?

WAITRESS
Her walls don't go all the way to the ceiling. She's a caramel cluster and a walnut supreme short of a chocolate dairy assortment.

ANATHEMA
But she has rooms?

WAITRESS
Oh yes.

EXT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- DAY.

ANATHEMA knocking on the door.

MADAME TRACY
(off)
Yes, dahling?

Pull back. MADAME TRACY is leaning out of an upstairs window, staring down at ANATHEMA, on the doorstep.

ANATHEMA
Are you Madame Tracy? My name's Anathema Device. I need a room. I don't have any references, and I'm an occultist.

MADAME TRACY
Oh, there's nothing wrong with my eyes, dear.

ANATHEMA
Not an oculist. An occultist.

MADAME TRACY
How wonderful. Be right down.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- DAY.

MADAME TRACY is walking upstairs with ANATHEMA.

MADAME TRACY
Anathema. What a lovely name.

ANATHEMA
Thank you.

MADAME TRACY
How long is your holiday, dahling?

ANATHEMA
I'm not on holiday. I... I'm thinking of moving here.

MADAME TRACY
That's just what I did. I've never been entirely sure why, mind you. But then there was Adam to look after...

By this point they've reached the landing.

ANATHEMA
Your son?

MADAME TRACY
Not exactly. He's... well... he's Adam. You'll meet him soon enough.

They've entered ANATHEMA's BEDROOM -- it's very empty -- bed, washbasin, chair, window. Over the fireplace hangs a remarkably ugly PAINTING that looks kind of like a Picasso, showing a naked red-haired woman, from the torso up. It's not recognisable as anyone. ANATHEMA puts her suitcase down on the bed.

MADAME TRACY
Here we are. Breakfast is at, hm...
(thinks)
It's in the morning.

ANATHEMA is inspecting the painting. It has a signature in the bottom corner -- PICASSO.

ANATHEMA
Excuse me -- this is a dumb question I know, but -- this painting is signed Picasso.

MADAME TRACY doesn't look at it -- she's busy wandering around the room, opening the windows to let the fresh air in. That kind of thing.

MADAME TRACY
He was a little bald man, dear. He said he just had to paint me.

She looks at it.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
I know I was younger then, but my eyes have always been on different sides of my nose. But you can't offend people, when they're giving you a present...

ANATHEMA is about to say something but then thinks better of it.

ANATHEMA
You've been very helpful. Thank you.

MADAME TRACY Leaves. ANATHEMA opens her suitcase. Right at the top, on the clothes, are a MAP OF THE WORLD, covered with occult scrawl and diagrams, A MAP OF TADFIELD (ditto), a MEDIEVAL ENGRAVING of a fire-breathing, goat-footed MONSTER, and a very large, very sharp, silver KNIFE.

There's a KNOCK on the door, and MADAME TRACY opens it. ANATHEMA shuts the suitcase with a start.

MADAME TRACY
Nine O' Clock. Breakfast is at Nine O' Clock.

ANATHEMA
Thanks.

EXT. TADFIELD BEACH-- DAY.

We follow ANATHEMA as she walks down the beach. ANATHEMA's got a MAP, a pen, and a small PENDULUM. It's a map of the village. She keeps making notes on it as she walks, watching the way the pendulum swings. Again, it's a grey day and the beach is empty. Or apparently empty. As she comes down the pebbles she sees ADAM, sitting in the shadow of a breakwater fence. Being all friendly, she says:

ANATHEMA
Hi.

ADAM looks up at her, a study in sullenness, gets up and WALKS AWAY.

EXT. TADFIELD BEACH-- DAY.

ANATHEMA is still poking around the beach. we see her come up to some abandoned beach-huts -- put up in about 1963 and probably abandoned in 1964. She looks around a beach hut. ADAM's staring back at her.

ANATHEMA
Um. Hi?

ADAM is already running off.

EXT. TADFIELD BEACH, NEAR THE PIER-- EARLY EVENING.

ANATHEMA's walking down to the pier. She stares up at this huge gothic monstrosity, heading out to sea. The waves crashing against its barnacled legs. She looks up at its underside -- the part above her. ADAM's face stares down at her.

ANATHEMA
Hey! How'd you get up there?

ADAM's face disappears. A few seconds later we hear the crunch of a young body landing on pebbles, and ADAM's walking off up the beach.
ANATHEMA sighs.

She checks her watch. Then she heads back up the beach.

EXT. THE BEACH-- EVENING.

ADAM's walking up the beach, ANATHEMA's a little way behind him. As they get to the paved area at the top of the beach, ADAM turns and looks at her.

ADAM
Will you stop following me?

They both keep walking.

ANATHEMA
Listen, kid. Whatever's going on in your head, I'm not following you.

EXT. THE SEAFRONT-- EVENING.

They're now walking down the seafront. ADAM's not even turning to look at her. He's just staring straight ahead of himself.

ADAM
You've been following me around all afternoon.

ANATHEMA
I haven't been following you.

ADAM
You're following me now.

ANATHEMA
(getting irritated)
I am <u>not</u> following you.

ADAM and ANATHEMA are reaching MADAME TRACY's house.

ANATHEMA (cont.)
Listen kid. I am not following you. I have not been following you. I will not, would not, and shall not follow you. You are a small boy with an overactive imagination, and you're getting on my nerves. So I will say this one last time. *I am not following you.*

They've STOPPED outside MADAME TRACY's house now. ADAM is fiddling in his pocket for a key.

ADAM
Well, all right. I'm sorry.

ANATHEMA
Fine.

ADAM
Fine.
(pause)
Well, what are you waiting for, then? Go away.

ANATHEMA
I live here.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- EVENING.

ADAM runs up the stairs, in a fury.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S SITTING ROOM-- EVENING

ADAM bursts in through the door.The lights are low. Candles are lit. MADAME TRACY is sitting, wearing something very flowy, and possibly a turban. In front of her is a CRYSTAL BALL. Sitting on each side of her, round a table, is an elderly inhabitant of Tadfield -- an old MAN and two old WOMEN.

ADAM
Look, I've spoken to you about this before.

MADAME TRACY
Hello dahling. You know Mr. and Mrs. Buttercup, and Mrs. Whipple.

They grin and nod hellos at him. He doesn't care.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
We're having a seance, dear boy. Can't this wait until later?

ADAM
You know you're not to take in lodgers unless you clear it with me. You agreed. After the trouble we had with the fish lady.

MADAME TRACY seems a little put out by this. ANATHEMA appears in the doorway behind ADAM.

MADAME TRACY
But she seems really nice, dear. She's an oculist, but not the kind that looks at glasses...

ADAM
That's not the point.

ANATHEMA
Is there a problem? I mean, if there's a problem, I can always leave.

ADAM
That's a really good idea.

MADAME TRACY
Adam, don't be like that. We wouldn't dream of you leaving us. Now, you really must excuse me. Mr. Whipple was in the process of manifesting ectoplasmically. Adam dear, take Anathema downstairs and make her a nice cup of tea. Mr. Whipple, dahling? Are you still there?

INT. THE KITCHEN-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA and ADAM eye each other warily, as they stand at oppo-

site ends of the kitchen.

ADAM
Name?

ANATHEMA
Anathema Device.

ADAM
Occupation?

ANATHEMA
Occultist. Witch.

ADAM
Really? Gosh. Um, age?

ANATHEMA
None of your business. Name?

ADAM
Adam Young.

ANATHEMA
Occupation?

ADAM
Schoolboy. I also run this place. Mostly.

ANATHEMA
Age?

ADAM
Eleven...ish. Purpose of visit?

ANATHEMA
Elevenish? What does that mean? When's your birthday?

ADAM shrugs.

ADAM
I don't really have a set one. I mean, every now and again Madame Tracy decides it's time for me to have a birthday, but they aren't exactly predictable. I've had two so far

this year. But I didn't have any last year. Or the year before. But I had three the year before that. With cake. Did she get any rent off you?

ANATHEMA shakes her head.

ADAM (cont.)
She always forgets. Well, it's sixty pounds for the week. In advance.

ANATHEMA opens her purse and gives him the MONEY.

ANATHEMA
I take it I'm staying, then.

ADAM nods.

ANATHEMA (cont.)
Well, goodnight, Adam.

INT. THE STAIRS IN ADAM'S HOUSE-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA's going up the stairs. ADAM calls her from the bottom of the stairs.

ADAM
(off)
Anathema?

ANATHEMA
(suspicious)
What?

ADAM's standing at the foot of the stairs.

ADAM
Do you want scrambled eggs for breakfast, or cornflakes?

ANATHEMA
Is that all the choice I get?

ADAM
It's all I know how to do.

ANATHEMA smiles warmly.

ANATHEMA
Scrambled eggs will be fine.

INT. ANATHEMA'S ROOM-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA's preparing for bed. She hears VOICES outside her window. She goes over to the window, and LOOKS OUT. MADAME TRACY is saying goodnight to her CLIENTS. ANATHEMA stares out at the pier, and the town. Then she opens her SUITCASE, and examines the medieval DRAWING of the demon-monster. On it is written YE GRATE BEASTE -- YE ANTICHRIST. Then she shakes her head, puzzled. She picks up the KNIFE and weighs it in her hand. Then she puts it down on the drawing. ANATHEMA CLOSES her curtains.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE-- NIGHT.

Outside the house: We see the curtains close in ANATHEMA's room. Then ANATHEMA's lights go out. Then MADAME TRACY's lights go out, leaving the house in darkness.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM-- NIGHT.

ADAM, in bed, in the darkness. He gets out of bed. He's fully dressed. He picks up a PLASTIC BAG, and leaves the room.

INT. THE STAIRS, NIGHT.

ADAM creeps down the stairs in the darkness.

EXT. THE BEACH-- NIGHT.

ADAM running down the beach in the darkness. He reaches the pier, and CLIMBS up the side of a metal strut. Despite the dark, he climbs easily, with assurance.

EXT. THE UNDERSIDE OF THE PIER-- NIGHT.

We watch ADAM, in the moonlight, doing an obstacle course --

climbing across old rafters and cross-beams underneath the pier, SWINGING his way across a fairly difficult bit.

He's above the sea, now. He PUSHES at some boards above his head. They SWING UP -- they're hinged.

INT. IN THE PIER; THE AMUSEMENT ARCADE -- NIGHT.

It's very dark. We can just about make out ADAM, pushing up the trapdoor. He swings himself up into the room, and closes the trapdoor. The room is now almost in complete darkness. There's a brief pause, then a LIGHT-SWITCH is thrown.

In the background we hear a low-key version of Buddy Holly's song *Every Day*.

Now we see the ROOM for the first time. It's a huge, vaulted hall. Thirty years ago it was an amusement arcade. Now it's abandoned. There are the skeletal carcasses of a few old machines scattered around -- old pinball machines, fruit machines, peepshows. There's even one of those laughing clown machines, although this one's a LAUGHING DEMON. It's dusty and broken in a filthy glass case.

ADAM's standing by a light switch, in the centre of the room. He reaches into his bag, and takes out a little METAL CAR. He gets down on his knees.

And, down at floor level, we get our first glimpse of ADAM'S LITTLE TOWN. It's a model town, similar to Tadfield, built out of junk -- the kind of thrown away stuff a kid can get his hands on easily, put together by an extraordinary kid with a strange mind.

He puts the car down on the little road in front of a tiny house, and begins to play.

INT. ANATHEMA'S BEDROOM-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA's asleep.

ANATHEMA (talking in her sleep)
It's coming...

She stirs, and WAKES. Climbs out of bed, walks to her window. Looks out. She can see the pier -- squints at it, trying to figure out whether or not there's a light on or not.

Then she raises a hand to her temples and GASPS -- as if she's just been stabbed with pain.

INT. ADAM'S KITCHEN-- MORNING.

We see scrambled eggs being slid from a frying pan onto a plate. ADAM (cooking) passes the plate to ANATHEMA (seated at the table). She's got her map of the town in front of her.

ANATHEMA
Thanks. Say, Adam. How long have you lived here?

ADAM
All my life.

ANATHEMA
Have you ever noticed anything... I don't know... weird about this town. Spooky. Any weird people? Or animals, maybe?

ADAM
Not really.

ANATHEMA
Tch.
(She takes a mouthful of food.)
Hey. This is really good.

ADAM
Oh. Thanks.

ANATHEMA goes back to looking at her map of the town.

INT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- DAY.

We're looking at a map of the UK. It's been divided into tiny squares. Almost all of them have been crossed through. CROWLEY's hand, holding a pen, is CROSSING OFF another little square.

CROWLEY
Oh... bless it.

Pull back. We're in AZIRAPHALE's office. He hasn't changed in the last eleven years, and neither has CROWLEY. All that will have changed is the cut of their suits. They're leaning over the map.

CROWLEY (cont.)
We've been through almost every city, town and village in England.

AZIRAPHALE
Almost all. Not all. We've got, oh... a good hundred and twenty still to go.

CROWLEY snorts.

CROWLEY
It's hopeless. We don't even know he's in England. We don't even know he's still alive.

AZIRAPHALE
If he wasn't, I think you'd have heard about it.

CROWLEY
We're running out of time. His father will be back to check on him soon. What am I meant to say? "Oh, hello Lord Satan. What's that? The boy? Oh, I'm sure he's around here somewhere. Whoops. Forget my own head next."

AZIRAPHALE
Every cloud has a silver lining, Crowley.

CROWLEY
Ah yes. How could I have forgotten that? I've got out in the open air a lot. I've got to meet, what, two million small boys? I've spent most of the last eleven years in your saccharine company. Oh, the unmitigated joy of it all.

AZIRAPHALE goes back to the map.

AZIRAPHALE
Where's next?

CROWLEY
(hopelessly)
It doesn't matter.

AZIRAPHALE
Don't be like that... Now... How about Scotland? There are a couple of remote islands we still haven't checked yet.

CROWLEY,
(without enthusiasm)
Great.

A knock on the door.

AZIRAPHALE
Come in.

POLLY enters, AZIRAPHALE's assistant. She's now eleven years older. She's dressed in more contemporary fashions -- now in her mid thirties. She's carrying a BOX.

AZIRAPHALE
Crowley? You remember Polly. She's leaving me, I'm afraid. She's being promoted.

POLLY
Hello, Mister Crowley. Professor Aziraphale? I'm having some trouble with the etruscan pot shards.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, let me see them.

He walks over. Looks into the box. It's full of pottery SHARDS.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh, yes. They're genuine, all right. Let's see. Probably a grain storage pot.

CROWLEY looks into the box. He takes the SHARDS, and as he talks he BUILDS the pot up out of shards, almost absent-mindedly, fitting the bits together like a jigsaw puzzle.

CROWLEY
Thrown by Big Joe the potter the morning after he discovered his wife had run off with a goat-herd. You can see his mark on the side, here. Also a brief and obscene cuneiform inscription about goats.

CROWLEY TOSSES POLLY the completed pot, and LEAVES.

POLLY
That's... remarkable. Is Mister Crowley an expert in etruscan pottery?

AZIRAPHALE
No. He owns a nightclub.

POLLY
Well, he's a clever devil.

She spots the checkers board in one corner of the room.

POLLY (cont.)
Another game, eh? Did you win?

AZIRAPHALE
I never do.

EXT. LONDON STREET-- DAY.

On a wooden soap box a MAD OLD MAN stands and rants about the apocalypse.

MAD OLD MAN
The final days are here. Soon the horsemen of the apocalypse shall ride out, and the seas shall turn to blood and the skies will rain fire and the antichrist himself will ride out to war and we're all going to DIE! There are demons among us in human form, evil demons plotting to send us to hell!

Over the rant CROWLEY's car pulls up by the kerb, on double-yellow "no parking" lines. He's observed by TWO POLICE in a patrol car. He gets out of the car, takes a newspaper from a newspaper stall. He tosses the newspaper seller a coin. The NEWSPAPER-SELLER catches it and CROWLEY turns away.

The NEWSPAPER-SELLER opens his hands, to discover the coin has VANISHED. He looks around, puzzled. CROWLEY puts the coin back in his pocket.

The sky darkens. A heavy wind begins to GUST. It blows at the newspapers, at the worried passers-by. The MAD OLD MAN looks up at the sky and gets off his soap box, puts up his umbrella. CROWLEY folds up his newspaper, adjusts his dark glasses.

There's something strange happening: a RIPPLING effect is coming towards us down the street: as it passes the cars and people and buildings seem to ripple, as if they're under water. CROWLEY suddenly realises what's going on, but it's too late

The ripple HITS him...

And he's gone.

EXT. LIMBO-- NIGHT.

We see CROWLEY FALLING slowly through black swirling nothingness, as if through water or space, tumbling over and over, clutching his newspaper.

INT. SATAN'S JETTY-- NIGHT.

Imagine: a stone JETTY in the middle of night. At one end of the jetty is a huge stone CHAIR, and a huge stone DESK, with stone steps leading up to them. SATAN is sitting at the desk, shuffling papers. Above -- and below -- it's just night, hung with huge and magnificent STARS. We're at the centre of the universe. CROWLEY, still holding his newspaper, has materialised at the far end. From his vantage point SATAN's just a tiny figure. SATAN looks up.

SATAN
Ah. Crowley.

He presses an intercom on his desk.

SATAN (cont.)
Crowley is here, Miss Ashtoreth. I don't want to be disturbed.

DISEMBODIED GHASTLY VOICE
Yes, your darkness.

SATAN stands up, and walks down the stairs towards us.

SATAN
Crowley. Crowley crowley crowley crowley crowley... You haven't been here for quite some time, have you?

CROWLEY
You've redecorated.

SATAN
It's the universe.

CROWLEY
It's very impressive.

He walks to the edge of the jetty; looks down; winces. Far below we can see, tiny, HUNDREDS of NAKED PEOPLE, WRITHING in flames.

SATAN
Yes... How is the boy, Crowley?

CROWLEY
Boy? Oh.. the boy.

SATAN
My son. What's he like?

CROWLEY
Like? Oh, he's terrific.

SATAN
Is he bright?

CROWLEY
He's so sharp he's in continual and imminent danger of cutting himself.

SATAN
And attractive?

CROWLEY
Quite possibly the most attractive child it's ever been my honour to cast these unworthy eyes on.

SATAN
Stop crawling, Crowley.

CROWLEY
Crawling, Lord? Your son... words fail me. He's charming, brilliant, powerful -- Look: He takes after his father, okay? Stunningly handsome.

SATAN
Yes, yes. And he's evil?

CROWLEY
Evil? Evil isn't in it. He's wicked, sinful, vile, corrupt and perfectly horrible.

SATAN
He had better be. If he's not everything you say, well...

He gestures. A distant star FLARES and FALLS, screaming into the pit.

SATAN (cont.)

Nobody down there would want to change places with you. Got that? Good. Well, let the boy know his father will soon be paying him a visit.

CROWLEY (squeaks.)
Oh.

(normally)

Oh Good. He'll like that. Um. When? I mean, I'd hate it if you turned up at an inconvenient time. For him. I mean.

SATAN
Hmm? Good point. Well, tell him to call me. I'll be waiting.

CROWLEY
Yes, Lord. That's great, Lord. Will that be all?

SATAN
Handsome, you say? Miss Ashtoreth? Can you display my son's face?

DISEMBODIED GHASTLY VOICE
Yes, your darkness.

The stars in the darkness above them change their positions, spark and flare, and we're looking at ADAM's FACE, made out of stars.

SATAN
Yes. He is a good-looking tyke.

CROWLEY
(staring)
Mm.

SATAN
Well? What are you waiting for?

CROWLEY
(backing away)
It's been an honour. A pleasure. A real..

CROWLEY shimmers and VANISHES.

SATAN
Crawler.

EXT. THE LONDON STREET-- DAY.

CROWLEY's back where he was before he vanished. The NEWSPAPER-SELLER blinks, rubs his eyes.

CROWLEY's muttering under his breath, something along the lines of "shit shit shit shit shit shit shit". He goes over to his

car. There's a SIGN stuck on the window, warning him not to move the car. While he's been gone, it's been clamped -- a yellow 'denver boot' on one wheel.

CROWLEY
I really do not need this. I do not need this.

He pulls the sticker off the window. Drops it on the sidewalk. Gets in the car. The two POLICE in the idling police car notice him. Nudge each other. The idiot's going to try to drive away with a clamp on his wheel.

CROWLEY guns the engine and drives off down the street -- the clamp has vanished.

COP 1
(morosely)
I thought you said you'd put it on properly.

COP 2
I did. Well -- let's get him.

COP 1 puts the car into gear, and revs. There's a loud grinding noise. The police car doesn't move -- There is a clamp on the nearside wheel.

INT. BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE's in the British Museum library. He's examining an old manuscript. He LOOKS UP, puzzled. Moves his head as if trying to hear something, frowning.

AZIRAPHALE
Crowley?

EVERYONE AROUND HIM
Sshhhh!

He RUNS out of the room.

EXT. TADFIELD-- DAY.

Outside a TOY-SHOP. We're looking in at the window at all the

toys. Pull back: ADAM's looking in the window thoughtfully. PEPPER comes up behind him. She grins.

PEPPER
See anything you like?

ADAM
(flatly)
Pepper.

PEPPER
Sorry. Mm. They've got an ultra-Star-fighter blaster. I told my parents I wanted one of them for my last birthday. They got me a doll. Can you believe that? A doll. Girls get dolls.

ADAM
Pepper. You are a girl.

PEPPER
That's sex discri-ni-mation, that is, Adam Young. Giving people girlie toys just because they're girls.

ADAM
(smiles)
Sorry.

PEPPER
You had any lunch?

ADAM shakes his head.

PEPPER (cont.)
You up for fish and chips?

EXT. THE BEACH-- DAY.

PEPPER and ADAM are walking down the beach, eating CHIPS from rolled-up newspapers.

PEPPER
Adam?

ADAM

mm.

PEPPER

Who is your father?

ADAM

My father?

PEPPER

Yes. I mean, is it true what Wensley and Brian were saying? That you've never met him?

ADAM

Course it's not true.

PEPPER finishes her chips. She starts to crumple up the newspaper.

PEPPER

Well? What's he like then?

ADAM

Oh. Well, he's very busy. And very important.

While they're talking PEPPER throws her newspaper-wrapper down on the beach. ADAM picks it up and carries it with him.

ADAM (cont.)

He, um. Runs a multinational and has to go to all different countries and things. In airplanes.

PEPPER

Really?

They reach a trash can. ADAM throws both rolled-up newspapers away.

ADAM

And he's always having meetings with Presidents and Prime ministers and pop stars and popes and everybody. That's why he never comes here to see me.

A little way down the beach ANATHEMA's walking slowly, scrutinising the pebbles, with her pendulum and her map.

PEPPER
Who's the weirdo?

ADAM
She's not a weirdo. She's staying with us.

ANATHEMA catches sight of them, and WAVES. ADAM ignores her. PEPPER waves back.

PEPPER
She's very pretty.

ADAM
(dismissively)
Girls.

PEPPER
Do you want to take me to the pictures tonight? It's the new Arnold Schwarzenegger. PZAM! BOOM! DAKKADAKKADAKKA.

ADAM shakes his head.

PEPPER (cont.)
You never do anything fun.

She squints at ANATHEMA.

PEPPER (cont.)
What's she doing? It looks like she's looking for something.

ADAM
She's a grown-up. They're all weird. I've got to be getting home.

They begin walking away from us, as the conversation fades.

ADAM (cont.)
She's an occultist.

PEPPER
What, an eye doctor?

ADAM
A witch.

PEPPER
So, what's she looking for?

EXT. CROWLEY'S NIGHT CLUB-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE comes RUNNING up the hill toward the night-club, puffing slightly. He reaches the door, and KNOCKS. A little prohibition-type flap opens and TINA, the barman, looks out.

AZIRAPHALE
Is he in? Mister Crowley?

TINA
(opening the door properly)
In his office.

AZIRAPHALE
Bless you.

INT. NIGHT CLUB-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE walks though the empty night club. As he does there's a super-loud BLAST of sheer noise that almost knocks him off his feet. He looks around, terrified, as if he's just been attacked. There's a small stage in one corner of the nightclub (which now looks much cooler and more 90s -- it's been remodelled inside) and a few GUYS IN BLACK standing around holding guitars, testing sound levels.

AZIRAPHALE
(mouths over the noise)
I'm looking for Crowley.

GUY IN BAND gestures with his finger, toward the rear of the club.

AZIRAPHALE (cont.)
(mouths)
Thank you.

INT. NIGHT CLUB CORRIDOR-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE in the corridors behind the nightclub. This looks pretty much the same -- the only thing that's changed is the graffiti. He's looking around, slightly lost. He gets to a door and knocks.

ANITA
(inside)
Yeah? Come in.

AZIRAPHALE opens the door. It's the imp waitresses dressing room and a handful of WAITRESSES are getting changed in there. They are completely unfazed by the strange man in their dressing room. He, on the other hand, is incredibly embarrassed, and conducts the conversation without actually looking at them.

AZIRAPHALE
Is um. Mister Crowley. Um. I'm looking for. Um.

ANITA
In his office. Down the stairs on the left.

AZIRAPHALE
Um. Thanks. Um.

AZIRAPHALE hurries down the stairs, and knocks on CROWLEY's office door.

CROWLEY
(inside)
Go away.

AZIRAPHALE
Crowley? It's me.

CROWLEY
Bugger off.

AZIRAPHALE tugs on the door. It's LOCKED. He waves a hand, and the door OPENS.

INT. CROWLEY'S OFFICE-- DAY.

CROWLEY's in his office, in a state of panic. He's got an open

suitcase in front of him, into which he's THROWING THINGS. It's got shirts and socks in it, papers and a few bottles of whisky. As we watch he opens a drawer full of black sunglasses, and UP-TURNS the drawer over the suitcase. (Through this conversation he continues packing, grabbing things from the office and putting them into the case.)

AZIRAPHALE
Crowley? What's going on?

CROWLEY
I'm going on. I'm getting out.

AZIRAPHALE
What?

CROWLEY
Time's up. We had a good try and it just didn't work. I spoke to the boss. He wants to see the boy.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh dear. What did you tell him?

CROWLEY
(unbelievably sarcastically)
I said I was terribly sorry but I'd accidentally lost the baby eleven years ago, and for all I knew he was currently working as a topless waitress in New Jersey.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh good -- tell the truth and shame the devil. Um. So what did he say to that?

CROWLEY
Oh, he said it was an understandable mistake that anybody could have made, and even though he's the Prince of Evil and the supreme power of Darkness, he thought it was really honest of me to confess up, and so he said that if I promised never to do it again, he'd just forget all about it.

CROWLEY has thrown the last thing into his suitcase. He clunks the latches.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh good. Well that's all right, then.

CROWLEY stares at him, shaking his head.

CROWLEY
You are so... stupid... you don't deserve to live. I didn't tell him anything. If I had, do you think I'd be here right now?

CROWLEY hefts the suitcase.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh.

CROWLEY
Yeah. It's been great knowing you. A real blast. But hey. Stay cool. Ciao.

He walks out, carrying the suitcase.

AZIRAPHALE follows him out into the corridor.

INT. NIGHTCLUB CORRIDORS-- DAY.

AZIRAPHALE
So. Um. Where are you going to go?

CROWLEY
Alpha Centauri. And then Ganymede. And then I'll just keep running until he catches up with me. And then that'll be that.

As they go up the stairs AZIRAPHALE keeps trying to get in front of CROWLEY, trying to stop him to talk. CROWLEY keeps barrelling on.

AZIRAPHALE
But he's not here yet. We could still find the boy.

CROWLEY
Yes, and flies could pig. Great knowing you. Be good. Not that you're smart enough to be anything else.

AZIRAPHALE's trailing CROWLEY down the corridors behind the club. We can hear, thudding through the walls, the band rehearsing a menacing punk version of "Every Day". *It's a getting closer...*

AZIRAPHALE
Now, look on the bright side --

He doesn't get any further. CROWLEY stops, turns and glares at him.

CROWLEY
Aziraphale, my angel. Will you try to get this into your head, once and for all. There. Isn't. Any. Bright. Side. The light at the end of the tunnel is an express-train, heading straight for us. And if any cloud has a silver lining it's due to an atmospheric accumulation of heavy metals. Capiche? DOOMED. We're DOOOOOOOOOMED!

AZIRAPHALE JUST SITS DOWN suddenly, as if his strings have been cut.

AZIRAPHALE
(very quietly)
I'm sorry.

CROWLEY
You don't have to--

AZIRAPHALE
(very sober and sad)
No, you're right. I was a fool to think we could find the boy. I was a fool to think we were friends. An angel and a demon...

CROWLEY
Well we <u>are</u> friends, in a manner of speaking…

AZIRAPHALE
We could never have found the boy. We don't even know what he looks like.

CROWLEY
I know what he looks like.

AZIRAPHALE looks up at him, puzzled.

CROWLEY (cont.)
His father showed me a picture.

AZIRAPHALE gets up. He SMILES. It's like a little beam of sunshine.

AZIRAPHALE
You'd recognise him? If you ever saw him again?

CROWLEY
I suppose...

AZIRAPHALE
One last look. Just one last town, Crowley. What harm could it do?

They start walking down the corridor in the direction they came. CROWLEY's already lost the battle.

CROWLEY
Yeah. Great. We've been looking for eleven years. And you think we could find him tomorrow?

AZIRAPHALE
Yes. Maybe.

CROWLEY
It would take a miracle.

AZIRAPHALE smiles beatifically. A ghostly HALO flickers above his head.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, I'm a little out of practice...

INT. ANATHEMA'S ROOM-- DAY.

ANATHEMA's sitting with the map of Tadfield open in front of

her. She's got pens of different colours, and a couple of rulers and set squares, and is MAKING various little occult marks and drawing lines on the map, as if she's triangulating something. She gets out her PENDULUM, and holds it over the map. It begins SPINNING AROUND, slowly at first -- then suddenly really FAST and HARD, so she's struggling to hold on to it.

There's a SNAP. The PENDULUM HEAD FLIES OFF and embeds itself in the WALL, with a bang.

ANATHEMA looks exhausted.

There's a knock at the door.

ANATHEMA
Who is it?

MADAME TRACY opens the door.

MADAME TRACY
Only me, dahling. I heard a noise and I wondered if you were all right?

ANATHEMA
I'm fine. Really. I'm fine.

MADAME TRACY is examining the wall. She pulls the pendulum out of the wall, examines it and offers it to ANATHEMA.

ANATHEMA takes it from her, half-grins and shrugs.

MADAME TRACY
Well, sorry to intrude.

ANATHEMA
No -- please don't go. Madame Tracy. There's something in this town. I'm not sure what. Not <u>really</u> sure. Is there anything you've noticed that's strange? It might go back oh, about eleven years. It's got to be this town. I can't be mistaken.

MADAME TRACY
Eleven years? I've been here about that long. What kind of strange thing?

ANATHEMA
Anything. Anything that could help.

MADAME TRACY
I've got it!

ANATHEMA
What?

MADAME TRACY
(whispers)
Eleven Years ago they built the car park be-
hind the supermarket.

ANATHEMA
That's strange?

MADAME TRACY
No. Not really. Just trying to help.

ANATHEMA
Thanks.

ANATHEMA stands up, puts the map and her pens away.

MADAME TRACY
Would you like a cup of tea?

ANATHEMA
(exasperated)
I'm going out.

MADAME TRACY
If you see Adam, can you ask him where the
gas meter is? A little man came by today
looking for it.

EXT. TADFIELD BEACH-- DAY.

ANATHEMA walks out into the road. A few young MEN are standing by the doorway of the pub. As she passes one of them goes 'Whoah!'. ANATHEMA grins sweetly and mutters "Dickhead".

She heads on down to the beach.

We can hear a RUMPUS of some kind. Looking from ANATHEMA's viewpoint we follow it down the beach. ADAM and BRIAN are standing opposite each other on the beach, with a few KIDS around. They're working up to a fight. As she gets closer we can hear what they're saying. ADAM's carrying a small BUILDING he's made -- a part of the PIER from his little town.

ADAM
I do so have a father!

BRIAN
In your mind? Why doesn't he ever come and see you then? Eh? You're a liar. You're just a bastard.

ADAM launches himself at BRIAN, who's bigger than he is. They both go down on the beach, rolling back and forth. BRIAN is bigger and stronger, and he's almost immediately on top of ADAM, whaling away at him. ADAM's fighting back.

The pier-section FLIES out of ADAM's hands and lands in the sand.

ANATHEMA runs forward.

ANATHEMA
Stop it. STOP IT!

She wades forward, and PULLS them apart.

ADAM is staring at BRIAN. He's breathing heavily. He's about to make a move towards BRIAN, when ANATHEMA mutters

ANATHEMA (cont.)
(quietly)
Adam.

ADAM picks up the toy pier. BRIAN sees it, and it registers.

BRIAN shoots her and ADAM a nasty look, and he and the other kids head off.

ADAM
You didn't have to do that.

ANATHEMA
Message from Madame Tracy. She wants to know where the gas meter is. What were you fighting about?

ADAM
Nothing. It's under the stairs. I keep telling her.

ANATHEMA
C'mon. I'll buy you an ice-cream.

EXT. NEAR THE PIER. LATE AFTERNOON.

ANATHEMA and ADAM are walking near the pier. They are eating ICE-CREAMS. ADAM's morose. ANATHEMA's preoccupied.

ADAM
You're looking for something, aren't you?

ANATHEMA
Yes.

ADAM
What?

ANATHEMA
It's a secret. You slip out at night, don't you? Where do you go?

ADAM looks up at her.

ADAM
It's a secret.

They look up at each other and SMILE.

INT. ANATHEMA'S BEDROOM-- EVENING.

We're looking at the DRAWING of the demon-monster.

ANATHEMA
I'm looking for him.

ADAM
"Ye Grate Beaste- Ye Antichrist" -- what's that?

ANATHEMA
The end of the world. Or the beginning of the end of the world, at any rate.

Pull back. ANATHEMA and ADAM are poring over the drawing of the demon.

ADAM
Who is he?

ANATHEMA
The son of the Devil. And he's going to destroy the world.

ADAM
Gosh. And he's here? In the village?

ANATHEMA
I think so. I've been looking for him since I was a little girl. There are prophecies, and well, I'm psychic.

ADAM
Madame Tracy's psychic too. Well, she says she is. Well, she likes to think she is.

ANATHEMA
It's a real pain in the neck, really being psychic. I know I'm in the right place. I just can't find him. It. Whatever it is.

ADAM
I'll help you look.

ANATHEMA
(smiling)
Thanks Adam.

She folds up her picture and goes over to her SUITCASE to put it away. As she opens her case ADAM can't see what's in it, but we can -- THE KNIFE.

ADAM
What are you going to do if you find it?

A beat: we linger on the KNIFE.

ANATHEMA
I'll do what I have to.

ADAM
(innocently)
I'll help.

INT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- EVENING.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are walking through the halls of the Museum, after closing time, amongst the TREASURES OF MANKIND. Pretty aimlessly. Their voices ECHO. There's no-one else around.

CROWLEY
So how are you proposing we choose this ridiculous last-ditch town then?

AZIRAPHALE
Ah. Right. Well, I've given the matter a little thought. And I thought what I'd do is pray.

CROWLEY
Pray?

AZIRAPHALE
Yes, that's right. Something along the lines of, "Hullo God, it's me, Aziraphale, it's been a while since we last chatted, hope you're keeping well, and look, I was wondering if you could do me an unspecified favour that it's a little awkward to go into, but it would really get me and someone else whose name I promised I wouldn't mention out of a tight spot, thanks." And then, somehow, the boy's location will be vouchsafed unto me.

CROWLEY looks up, pityingly.

CROWLEY
You realise I'm losing valuable escaping time? You really think God's going to tell you where the boy is? You might just as well throw a dart at a map and see where it lands.

AZIRAPHALE
That's a stupid idea.

CROWLEY
Oh yeah? It's better than yours.

AZIRAPHALE
It's really, really stupid.

INT. AZIRAPHALE'S OFFICE-- NIGHT.

A DART thuds into a MAP.

CROWLEY
Well?

AZIRAPHALE
It's somewhere called Tadfield. It's by the sea.

CROWLEY
Joy above joys. I'll bring my bucket and spade.

EXT. TADFIELD PIER-- NIGHT.

The crunch of feet on pebbles. We follow ADAM and ANATHEMA up the side of the pier, and across the cross-beams and rafters. ADAM is far more sure-footed than ANATHEMA, and whispers instructions to her as they go. As they reach over to make one swing-jump, ANATHEMA LOSES her GRIP. ADAM GRABS her and she PULLS herself up.

ADAM
Up here now.

INT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

We're in total darkness. We can hear the opening of a trapdoor, the wash of waves below, footsteps.

ADAM'S VOICE
You stay here.

ANATHEMA
Yeah?

The sound of footsteps. Then the LIGHTS go on. We can see the interior of the old pier -- all the old machines. ANATHEMA looks around, amazed. She takes a step back and jogs the DEMON-IN-A-GLASS-BOX-MACHINE, which begins to jog up and down, laughing hysterically. ADAM BANGS his hand against the glass and it stops.

ANATHEMA
Wow. And this is where you come?

ADAM
Oh, this isn't my secret.

He's leading her through the magnificent cobwebbed hall.

ADAM (cont.)
This is.

She sees the LITTLE TOWN.

ANATHEMA
This is far-out. You made this?

ADAM
(proudly)
Uh huh.

ANATHEMA goes down on her hands and knees to examine the magical little hand-made town.

ANATHEMA
Hold on. I know this place... This is the rail station. And this is the town hall. And this is the pier -- you've made the town. This is Tadfield.

ADAM presses another little button. Christmas tree type LIGHTS go on in all the windows of the strange little town, going ON and OFF.

ADAM
This is... where I come. This is my town. When Madame Tracy gets too embarrassing, or when the other kids are horrid, or when... I don't know... I come here. This is my town. Everybody has to do everything I say. It's mine. All mine. I rule it.

He pushes his lips together. The flickering lights below him make him look scary.

ANATHEMA
It -- it's great.

ADAM
I've been making it since I was a little kid. It's nearly finished.

We should be seeing this from floor level, so the strange little houses loom up on each side of us, and ADAM and ANATHEMA are towering figures far above. In the background we can hear the first lingering strains of a chorale boys' choir version of *'Every Day'* -- slow and sweet and spectral and spooky, like the Carmina Burana.

ANATHEMA
So what are you going to do when it's done?

ADAM
I don't know. I haven't thought about it... Hmmm. I suppose I'll make the rest of the world. And rule that.

He's deadly serious. ANATHEMA thinks this is cute.

ANATHEMA
You'll need someplace bigger than this if you're going to build a whole world to rule...

ADAM
Yes.

She smiles. Looks at him slightly patronisingly, then realises he's deadly serious. ADAM takes a BLACK TOY CAR, looks at it, then runs it down a street. He's a normal kid again. The spooky music has stopped.

ADAM (cont.)
I really want to see places. I mean, I've never even been to London. Instead I'm stuck here at the end of the world...

ANATHEMA
I've been all over the world, Adam. Hunting. You aren't missing anything.

ANATHEMA and ADAM smile at each other. We close in on the black toy CAR as ADAM pushes it down the High Street of the Tiny town...

EXT. TADFIELD HIGH STREET-- DAY. RAIN.

A Crash of Thunder. A flash of lightning.

It's pouring with RAIN, and a huge black car is driving down Tadfield High Street, just as in the last shot in ADAM's tiny town. CROWLEY is at the wheel. AZIRAPHALE is the passenger, holding a map.

CROWLEY
So this is it? Toytown?

AZIRAPHALE
Tadfield.

CROWLEY
Where do we start?

AZIRAPHALE
Well, I think we ought to get a room. Home base for the expedition.

The car turns a corner, just as ADAM, bundled up in rain-clothes, heads into the grocers, carrying a shopping list.

EXT. MRS. PRUETT'S HOUSE-- DAY.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE standing outside Mrs. Pruett's House. AZIRAPHALE has a white umbrella, CROWLEY has a black one.

AZIRAPHALE
You let rooms, I believe?

MRS. PRUETT looks them up and down. She likes what she sees.

MRS. PRUETT
Oh yes. How long did will you be staying?

AZIRAPHALE
Oh, just a few days.

CROWLEY
One day, angel, no longer.

MRS. PRUETT blinks slowly.

MRS. PRUETT
No rooms. We're all full up I'm afraid. Sorry.

She shuts the door.

CROWLEY
Charming.

As they walk down the sidewalk toward the car, in the rain, we hear MRS. PRUETT in Voice Over.

MRS. PRUETT
(Sound of telephone dialling.)
Hello, Mavis? It's me. Yes, there are two men I thought I should warn you about. Well, let me put it this way. One of them called

the other 'Angel'. Oh yes. Well, I can tell them a mile off. Ever since that Ballet dancer from Streatham...

As the car drives off we see ADAM coming down the sidewalk, carrying his two large bags of groceries; they just missed seeing him.

MONTAGE:

We see a succession of NO VACANCIES signs being put up in windows.

EXT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- DAY. RAIN.

AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY both looking exhausted and wet and irritated at MADAME TRACY's door. AZIRAPHALE presses the doorbell.

CROWLEY
Look, forget about the room. The village of the damned obviously doesn't want us. Let's go out, look for the boy, fail to find him, and then you'll never have to see me again...

AZIRAPHALE
It's not their fault there aren't any vacancies. It must be a very popular town.

CROWLEY
Give me strength...

MADAME TRACY opens the door. Her face is covered with mud-pack, and her hair is wrapped in a towel.

MADAME TRACY
Oh, come in, you're early.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- DAY.

MADAME TRACY
It's under the stairs, dahlings. I asked Adam.

CROWLEY'S staring at her -- there's something very familiar about this woman. He can't place it yet.

AZIRAPHALE
The bedroom?

MADAME TRACY
The Gas meter.

AZIRAPHALE
We were looking for a room. Just for a day or two.

MADAME TRACY
Oh. Yes of course. We've got rooms. Would that be a room each, or do you share?

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

CROWLEY
A room each.

AZIRAPHALE
We'll share.

MADAME TRACY leads them into the KITCHEN.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S KITCHEN-- DAY. RAIN.

MADAME TRACY
Whatever you want, Dahlings. Adam will be so... Oh. No, I'm sorry, I mustn't rent you a room.

CROWLEY
Is there some reason for your sudden change of heart, or has every landlady in Tadfield taken a vow of perpetual No Vacancy?

AZIRAPHALE
We've been looking for ages.

CROWLEY
And we're very well behaved. Aziraphale is a miracle worker around the home.

AZIRAPHALE
I'll put on a cup of tea.

He commences to do so, pottering around the kitchen, filling the kettle and so forth. And low key, wherever he goes things magically become cleaner and tidier. He's singing "Spread a little Happiness as you go by" under his breath.

MADAME TRACY
Adam wouldn't like it. He.. well, he kind of runs the house. He told me that I couldn't let anyone in unless he said it was all right. After the trouble we had with the fish lady. Of course, neither of you look the type, but, then, neither did she...

CROWLEY
And when will this manager of yours return? We'll wait.

MADAME TRACY
I have to put my face on.

She leaves.

CROWLEY
Wild goose chase. Eleven years of Wild goose chases. Geese chasers.

AZIRAPHALE
I'm sure we've come to the right town. Do you take sugar?

CROWLEY
Uh-uh. Hmph. You know, there's something familiar about that woman...

There's the sound of someone at the back door, coming up the back garden path in the rain fumbling at the gate, holding piles of groceries.

ADAM, fumbling with groceries (one bag held under his chin), opens the kitchen door. He's not looking at the people in the room.

ADAM
(calls out)
I'm back.

ADAM's viewpoint. He sees AZIRAPHALE making tea, then his gaze goes down to CROWLEY.

FLASHBACK. THE RUINED ABBEY-- NIGHT.

We're looking up at CROWLEY, peering down at us into the crib. This is from the viewpoint of the BABY. CROWLEY's face, huge and blurred is staring down at us.

CROWLEY
(echoing and distorted)
It's a baby.

INT. THE KITCHEN-- DAY.

CROWLEY staring at ADAM, who's dropped the groceries. ADAM pulls the hood of his anorak back, and a slow smile starts to spread over CROWLEY's face.

ADAM
Who -- who are you?

MADAME TRACY comes in to the kitchen. She's removed the gunk from her face, and her hair is down. She's made up. CROWLEY looks up at her and we can tell he recognises her.

MADAME TRACY
These gentlemen were looking for rooms, Adam.

ADAM
How long do they want to stay for?

CROWLEY raises his empty hand, FANS out some conjured BANKNOTES -- clearly a lot of money. He smiles.

CROWLEY
As long as it takes.

EXT.THE BEACH NEAR THE PIER-- AFTERNOON. RAIN.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are walking on the beach. CROWLEY's being cool, and is fully dressed and shades on. AZIRAPHALE is taking off his shoes and socks, and rolling up the legs of his trousers. It's still raining gently, and there's no-one else about because of this. Black and white umbrellas.

CROWLEY
Yes, it's definitely him. And it's definitely her -- the old bat who took him. I'd know her anywhere.

AZIRAPHALE
I said we'd find him, didn't I?

CROWLEY
Indeed you did, my dear Aziraphale, and I am very much indebted to you.

AZIRAPHALE's getting into PADDLING on the water's edge, taking a few steps into the cold muddy brown waves. CROWLEY walks parallel to him, up the shore.

CROWLEY (cont.)
So, when are you going back to London?

AZIRAPHALE
I'm not going back.

CROWLEY
Well, we've found him. I don't need you any more.

AZIRAPHALE
But we had a deal.

CROWLEY
(innocently)
A deal?

AZIRAPHALE blinks intently: the SAND in front of CROWLEY claymations into the face of AZIRAPHALE as we saw it ten years earlier, saying,

AZIRAPHALE SAND-FACE
...one condition. When we find him, you have to permit me to exert my good influence on the boy. Teach him right from wrong. All that.

CROWLEY reaches the face in the sand and KICKS it in, idly as he passes.

CROWLEY
Okay, Okay. When?

AZIRAPHALE
Tomorrow.

CROWLEY isn't happy about it but he can't think of an objection. They're getting close to the pier. Some MEN in hard hats are standing in a small group, including BRIAN'S FATHER, who's wearing a suit and looking at PLANS of the pier. BRIAN's there with his dad. Everyone is standing around in the drizzle, being uncomfortable.

AZIRAPHALE walks back up the beach. CROWLEY indicates the pier.

CROWLEY
There's something strange about that place.

AZIRAPHALE
I think it's quite lovely. Baroque at its finest, How could anyone think anything bad of a race of beings who could build something like that?

CROWLEY
I'm sure the architects of Auschwitz felt equally as proud of their creation.

AZIRAPHALE
That's not fair.

CROWLEY
Nothing's fair.

They've reached the hardhats. AZIRAPHALE turns to BRIAN's FATHER, holding a plan of the pier.

AZIRAPHALE
It's a wonderful structure.

BRIAN'S FATHER
It's a dangerous structure. It's coming down this week.

CROWLEY licks his finger and "chalks" up one to him in the air.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE. CROWLEY AND AZIRAPHALE'S ROOM-- EVENING.

It's still raining outside. Two beds in the room with a small table between -- CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are sitting on their respective beds. There's a Henry moore statue of Madame Tracy with a hole in her stomach in one corner of the room. CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are playing checkers, in silence, the board on the little table between the beds. AZIRAPHALE's winning.

There's a knock on the door.

CROWLEY
Come.

ADAM enters.

ADAM
Madame Tracy says that for your first evening in Tadfield maybe you'd like to have dinner with us? It's ready now.

AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY are looking up at him. CROWLEY's hand reaches out and SWIPES one of the white pieces, surreptitiously. ADAM notices.

CROWLEY
We'd like that very much. Adam.

AZIRAPHALE
Yes.

CROWLEY
Just one moment.

He turns back to the board, TAKES all the white pieces with a

black piece.

CROWLEY (cont.)
My game, I believe. Lead on, young man. Lead on.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S DINING ROOM-- NIGHT.

MADAME TRACY enters, awkwardly holding some plates. They have very limp FISH AND CHIPS on them, still in newspaper. On the table are the kind of FOODS that show that MADAME TRACY is no cook -- baked beans and tinned spaghetti, still in tins. She puts the plates down on the table in front of each of the diners. On the wall is a big Andy Warhol silkscreen print of MADAME TRACY in her younger days, signed to her by Andy.

A crash of thunder.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE begin TO EAT MADAME TRACY's improvised dinner without enthusiasm.

MADAME TRACY
So where are you from?

CROWLEY
We're both very well travelled. But currently we are resident in London.

ADAM
What's it like? I've never been out of Tadfield.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh, it's a wonderful place. Full of such nice people.

MADAME TRACY
Mister Crowley, dahling. You look very familiar. Did we ever meet?

CROWLEY
I get around. Which reminds me. Myself and my colleague are going to have to spend tomorrow in London. Would Adam perhaps care to spend the day with us?

ADAM
In London? Wow! Can I? Madame Tracy? Please?

AZIRAPHALE
I work in the British Museum. There's a great deal of educational matter there that Adam might find very interesting.

ADAM
Would I? Oh gosh. Please?

MADAME TRACY
I don't see why not.

ADAM
(yelps)
Yahoo!

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE. STAIRCASE AND FRONT HALL-- DAY.

ADAM goes RUNNING out of the door to the parlour. ANATHEMA is coming in through the front door from a day of searching for the antichrist. She looks exhausted and SOAKED.

ADAM
I'm going to London tomorrow! Isn't that wicked?

ANATHEMA
(tired)
Yeah. That's great, Adam.

ADAM
Did you find
(whispers)
it yet?

ANATHEMA shakes her head.

ANATHEMA
I keep tracking it, but it keeps moving around. It's definitely somewhere in the town. But...
(shrugs)

ADAM
Well, tomorrow I'm in London. But the day after, maybe I can help you look. Honestly, I bet with both of us looking we could find your antichrist just like that.

ANATHEMA
That'd be just great, Adam. It's just that we're running out of time. I know we are.

ADAM
I found Pepper's pencil case when she lost it. I bet I could find absolutely anything.

MADAME TRACY sticks her head out of the hall door.

MADAME TRACY
Anathema, dahling. Come and meet our new guests. Anathema's an Oculist.

ANATHEMA enters, comes face to face with CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE.

For one split second she sees them as they really are -- CROWLEY as a tall black SERPENTINE figure with yellow snake eyes, AZIRAPHALE as an ANGEL, in a white robe, with huge white wings.

MADAME TRACY
This is Mister Crowley, Mister Aziraphale.

Then it's just normal-- CROWLEY's shaking her hand and saying,

CROWLEY
Charmed to meet you. I hope we can be good friends.

ANATHEMA
(slightly woozy)
Um. Yes. I -- I have to be going. Goodnight.

ADAM
Oh boy. I get to go to London!

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

A flash of LIGHTNING illuminates the pier, stark and skeletal in

the night. The waves are high. The Rain pours down.

INT. IN THE PIER-- NIGHT.

In the amusement hall. We race across the toy city. Obviously the storm is affecting the electrics, because the little town's lights are FLICKERING wildly. There's a crash of thunder. The Laughing DEMON in the glass box begins LAUGHING hysterically, jogging about and giggling.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- DAY.

It's a lovely sunny day. CROWLEY's dropping AZIRAPHALE and ADAM off outside the Museum. ADAM's looking around, in wonder, at the Tourists, and up at the pillars of the building.

INT. THE BRITISH MUSEUM-- DAY.

It's a normal day at the museum. AZIRAPHALE is walking ADAM through the halls -- really whatever's most photogenic and appropriate, starting with the EGYPTIAN rooms and going through the GREEK and ROMAN, and the magnificent halls of the Reading Room. The place is packed with SIGHTSEERS.

AZIRAPHALE
This is what it means to be human, Adam. You're the inheritor of thousands of years of civilisation. Human goodness created this. The people who created this beauty had their own glimpse of the infinite, and were driven to try to capture it in paint or marble.

ADAM looks up at him cynically.

ADAM
Weren't they being paid?

AZIRAPHALE
(uncomfortably)
Well, yes...

ADAM
You and Mister Crowley. Have you known each other long?

AZIRAPHALE
Ages.

ADAM
Do you always play checkers together?

AZIRAPHALE
Yes. He always wins.

ADAM
I watched him the other night. He cheats.

AZIRAPHALE
I know. He always cheats. But you see, I have the pride and virtue that comes from playing an honest game.

ADAM
But you lose. That's stupid.

AZIRAPHALE
No. That's, um. Well, that's. Um.

He runs out of words here. And for the first time it occurs to him that perhaps it is stupid to lose every time for six thousand years. In slight desperation he fishes his POCKET WATCH out of his vest pocket.

AZIRAPHALE (cont.)
Is that the time? Let's get you down to the Museum shop before it closes...

EXT. THE BEACH AT TADFIELD-- DAY.

We see a BULLDOZER rolling down the beach. The HARDHATS scurry around. BRIAN's FATHER consults his plans.

EXT. THE BENTLEY-- DAY.

CROWLEY's driving through London. ADAM's in the passenger seat.

He has a pile of BOOKS and POSTCARDS on his lap -- illustrations of all the great masterworks of human history. He's trying to look at it, while simultaneously to look out at NELSON'S COLUMN and other neat tourist attractions.

ADAM
I never realised how many amazing things people had done. It's wonderful. I never realised how much I was missing, stuck in Tadfield. I mean, I always wanted to get out. But...

CROWLEY
I know exactly how you feel. When you're stuck somewhere dull for long enough... Well. Tch. What have you got there?

ADAM
Stuff Mister Aziraphale wanted me to have. It's terrific.

CROWLEY
Houses built by thieves and fools, paintings painted by idiots and madmen and drunks. That's not what humanity's about, Adam. It's about crawling to the top, and not giving a damn about anyone under you in the pile.

EXT. THE STREETS OF SOHO-- DAY.

We're in Brewer Street, ADAM and CROWLEY walking past the sex shows and the street trash. It's nothing compared to 42nd street, but it's the best London can offer.

CROWLEY
Everything people do they do because of lust, or sloth, or envy, or pride, or gluttony, hate and greed. That's it. That's all there is. Anyone who thinks anything else is living in a dreamworld.

CROWLEY looks up and down the street at the hookers and petty criminals.

CROWLEY (cont.)
I've seen people. And they're all rotten down to their cores. If you rely on that, then you're fine. You can't care about anyone else. Just look out for number one. That's all.

ADAM
(impressed)
Oh. I see.

In the doorway they're passing is a thin, HOMELESS TEENAGE GIRL. She's filthy and scared. She sticks out her hand to CROWLEY.

GIRL
Sir? Please sir? Spare change?

CROWLEY ignores her. ADAM puts his hand into his pocket and gives her 50 pence. CROWLEY is not pleased.

EXT. THE BEACH AND PIER-- DAY.

A crowbar forces open the padlocked door of the main hall of the pier. MEN IN HARDHATS go in. BRIAN's there with them.

INT. THE NIGHTCLUB-- DAY.

ADAM and CROWLEY are sitting at a table, the only ones in the Nightclub. CROWLEY is sipping a long stiff drink. ADAM is sucking a bright pink milkshake through a straw.

CROWLEY
...the way I see it, people divide up into wolves and sheep. The stupid and the not-so-stupid. And the not-so-stupid trample the stupid underfoot. Because that's the way the world works.

ADAM
You and Mr Aziraphale must have known each other for a long time.

CROWLEY
We were strangers in Paradise together.

ADAM
Sorry?

CROWLEY
We've known each other a long time.

ADAM
And you always play checkers together?

CROWLEY nods.

ADAM (cont.)
And you always win. And you always cheat.

CROWLEY
You're an observant lad. As you say, I always win. That's the point.

ADAM
There can't be much fun in winning, though. If you always cheat. Don't you ever wonder if you could win honestly?

CROWLEY begins to say something, then stops, then looks at his elegant black WRISTWATCH. ADAM noisily sucks up the last of his milkshake.

CROWLEY
It's getting late. We ought to be getting you back.

INT. INSIDE THE PIER-- DAY.

The HARDHATS are moving the slot machines against the wall. They're bringing in tools, and so forth. BRIAN goes over to his FATHER, still holding his plans. BRIAN'S FATHER waves him away without talking to him -- much too busy to pay attention to his son.

BRIAN finds ADAM'S LITTLE CITY. He sees the little pier and recognises it. He grins.

BRIAN
So that's what you've been doing, Adam Young.

(pause)
Demolition...

His FOOT goes through the first little house.

INT. THE BENTLEY-- EVENING.

It's sunset, and they're driving through the English countryside. AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY are in the front seats. CROWLEY's driving. ADAM's in the back seat. He's asleep. AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY look pleased with themselves, and relaxed. The countryside is beautiful.

AZIRAPHALE
Good day?

CROWLEY
Mm. You?

AZIRAPHALE
It was interesting.

CROWLEY
Do you think he takes after his father?

ADAM's EYES immediately OPEN. He's awake, although he's just listening quietly.

AZIRAPHALE
I don't know. What do you think.

CROWLEY
Well, he's smart, but, I don't know...

AZIRAPHALE
I think we'll need a while to exert our respective influences on him.

CROWLEY
Yes.

AZIRAPHALE
The girl. Anathema. She's not mine. Is she one of yours?

CROWLEY
I don't think so. That's the trouble with humans. They're on their own side.

He pushes in a CASSETTE. Music plays. ADAM's eyes CLOSE...

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN-- NIGHT.

MADAME TRACY is showing ANATHEMA her CRYSTAL BALL. They're talking.

MADAME TRACY
...I don't know, dahling. I look and look and look and I never really see anything in it. Except once, during a seance, I saw this horrible creature with horrid, hairy legs, and awful beady eyes, and a vile hairy stomach.

ANATHEMA
What was it?

MADAME TRACY
Just a fly on the other side of the ball. Sometimes I think I should send the thing back.

We're looking at the room through the crystal ball, distorted and looming.

ANATHEMA
I'm sure it's just a knack.

MADAME TRACY
Any luck with your search?

ANATHEMA shakes her head.

ANATHEMA
Today was worse than usual. Normally I can tell it's somewhere in the town. Today it was as if it didn't exist.

MADAME TRACY
Anathema?

Anathema is EXAMINING the crystal ball, holding it up, staring into it.

ANATHEMA
Um?

MADAME TRACY
What are you looking for?

ANATHEMA's just about to answer when the back door OPENS. CROWLEY walks in, followed by AZIRAPHALE, followed by a rather sleepy looking ADAM.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
Have a nice time?

ADAM
(sleepy)
Okay.

CROWLEY
Oh, he had a great time. He saw the museum and the nightclub. But he's a tired little tyke.

MADAME TRACY
Tired. Now, let me see....

ANATHEMA
You should go to bed, Adam.

He nods.

ADAM
G'night, everyone.

He hugs MADAME TRACY, waves sleepily at ANATHEMA, and GOES OUT.

INT. THE CRYSTAL BALL-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA's viewpoint, looking into the CRYSTAL BALL. She sees a flickery version of ADAM turning to go out. Then he TURNS to-

wards her.

ADAM's face EXPANDS to fill the crystal ball. The eyes are closed. Then ADAM OPENS his EYES. His eyes are burning RED FLAMES. He OPENS his mouth and FLAMES spurt out.

INT. THE KITCHEN-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA gasps and drops the crystal ball. It falls really in slow motion. We flash on MADAME TRACY looking upset. Then AZIRAPHALE, blinking hastily. A BAG OF GARBAGE SLIDES from under the kitchen table.

The crystal ball LANDS on the garbage, unharmed.

ANATHEMA stands there, in shock.

AZIRAPHALE
There. It's fine, isn't it? Everything's just fine.

ANATHEMA
I'm sorry... Goodnight.

INT.THE BATHROOM-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY's cleaning his teeth. He's humming to himself as he does so -- *"Let's take it Nice and Easy, it's gonna be so easy, to rush would be a crime..."* distorted by the action of cleaning his teeth, of course. He's wearing black pyjamas and a black bathrobe, and Black shades. He puts his black toothbrush down. Then, secure in his privacy, he lowers his SHADES for the first time -- possibly the dark glasses could actually morph into his face, as if he's absorbing them.

His EYES are SNAKE-LIKE -- yellow, with slit pupils.

CROWLEY
(singing)
Nice and easy does it every time.

MADAME TRACY
(outside)
Mister Crowley? Are you in there?

CROWLEY
Just coming!

INT. THE HALLWAY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY's replaced his shades. MADAME TRACY stands there, looking more together, and thus sadder than we've seen her before.

MADAME TRACY
Mister Crowley? We've met before, haven't we? I knew you looked familiar. It came to me. The nightclub. My birthday. That was you, wasn't it?

CROWLEY nods.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
Have you come to take him back?

CROWLEY
He won't be yours forever.

MADAME TRACY
How much longer?

CROWLEY
Not long now.

She NODS. Sighs. Then, looking older, wearier, she WALKS back to her bedroom. At the door she STOPS.

MADAME TRACY
I suppose I've always known he wasn't mine to keep. Goodnight.

INT. ADAM'S ROOM-- NIGHT.

ADAM's in the darkness. He's standing by the door. He's LISTENING to this.

CROWLEY
(in the corridor)
Goodnight.

ADAM's eyes. All this is sinking in.

INT. ANATHEMA'S ROOM-- NIGHT.

ANATHEMA's holding the KNIFE. She's walking up and down her room, pacing, looking at the KNIFE. There's a TAPPING at the WINDOW. She moves the knife behind her back, and walks to the window, OPENS the CURTAINS. It's ADAM -- he's gone out his window and crawled along a ledge.

ADAM
Can I come in?

ANATHEMA opens the window. He CLIMBS IN. He's troubled. She's holding her sharp, silver, mystic KNIFE behind her back.

ADAM (cont.)
Anathema -- I have to talk to someone. It's about my father... They know who he is. Why is it such a secret? I don't understand any of this, Anathema. It seems like everyone knows more than I do. They've all got things they aren't telling me.

ANATHEMA
Yeah. I know how that feels.

ADAM
So, have you found your monster yet?

She moves closer to him. She's getting the nerve up to stab him with the knife.

ANATHEMA
I think so.

ADAM
That must feel really good.

ANATHEMA
I... don't know.

ADAM looks at her sharply.

ADAM
What are you holding?

ANATHEMA takes a step back. She's scared. ADAM stares at her.

Suddenly he's scary.

ADAM
(voice treatment)
What are you holding?

Against her will, ANATHEMA brings the KNIFE forward, her arm JERKING as if it's being pulled forward against her will. Her FINGERS jerk off the knife as if an invisible hand is wresting it from her grip. The knife FALLS to the floor.

ADAM
(normal voice)
You were going to kill me.

He's backing toward the door.

ANATHEMA
You're going to end the world, Adam.

ADAM
I thought you liked me...

He RUNS OUT.

INT. THE STAIRCASE-- NIGHT.

ADAM's running down the staircase. MADAME TRACY appears at the top of the stairs.

MADAME TRACY
Adam?

ADAM
Leave me alone. *Don't follow me. All of you. Just leave me alone.*

MADAME TRACY nods robotically and turns away.

EXT. TADFIELD-- NIGHT.

ADAM runs out of the House. He's almost in tears. It's moonlight, as bright as day.

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM reaches the pier. It's surrounded by barbed wire, and huge 'KEEP OUT' notices on it. They weren't there before. ADAM's puzzled.

INT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

It's Dark. A light goes on. We're in the huge inside room of the pier. But it's changed. ADAM looks in horror -- the old slot machines have been piled up against one wall. There are workmen's tools leaned up against one wall. And his little town has been SMASHED UP completely. He gasps. He leans down and PICKS up the little version of the pier he made -- it's been completely broken up.

ADAM looks hurt and upset.

The Laughing DEMON in the glass box begins to LAUGH hysterically.

ADAM
Shut up!

The DEMON SPARKS violently at the base and COLLAPSES in its box.

EXT. THE PIER -- NIGHT

ADAM's breathing heavily. He goes out of a doorway, and stands on the rotting boards, hands resting on the rail, looking out to sea. The moon is high in the sky. A tear runs down his face.

ADAM
(quietly)
I want my father.

He looks up at the sky in rage and sorrow and SHOUTS,

ADAM (cont.)
Father!

But NOTHING HAPPENS. A beat of expectation, then nothing. Disappointed, he turns back in to the Pier.

EXT. THE BEACH-- NIGHT.

ADAM's walking away from the pier, up the beach, a step at a time, in the moonlight.

Behind him something begins to happen to the pier. First of all LIGHTS begin to FLICKER on the buildings. Then we see the barbed wire UNWRAP. Then a low carnival MUSIC begins, a mechanical waltz. ADAM stops and turns. LIGHTS play across his face. He looks joyful and RUNS back down the beach.

The pier has become a PLEASURE DOME. It's a wonderful, glittering place; with huge steps running all the way down to the sand.

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM RUNS up the steps. He walks down the pier, looking around him. What were empty, shabby wooden structures have become brightly painted KIOSKS, with popcorn machines filling with popcorn, hot dogs sizzling, shoot-the-target-win-a-cuddly-toy kiosks, and so forth. ADAM gazes in WONDER.

He reaches the main building, the amusement arcade, which housed his town. The doors open as he gets there, and inside it's a wonderful, light-filled pleasure palace. That's where the music's coming from.

He enters. We follow him...

INT. INSIDE THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM walks through the main hall of the pier. It's carpeted, painted and magnificent. There are video games and wonderful attractions of every kind. At the end of the Hall there's a cleared area, and on the floor is his little town -- now looking like a really professional job, not like an eleven-year-old's little town, but like a perfect scale model of Tadfield. ADAM grins with joy.

SATAN
(out of shot)
It looks much better now, doesn't it?

ADAM turns. SATAN is sitting up on a huge throne at the end of

the hall, the image of cool in his expensive suit and perfectly cut hair. He smiles a million dollar smile.

SATAN
Well? Aren't you going to say hello?

ADAM
...Father...?

SATAN stands up and WALKS down the steps below the throne.

SATAN
In the flesh. More or less. I'm sorry I've had to keep away so long. Busy busy busy.

ADAM
You're here now.

SATAN
I am indeed.

SATAN walks over to the LITTLE TOWN and looks down at it.

SATAN (cont.)
Is this your town? You rule it?

ADAM
Yes. Father.

SATAN
Fathers and sons are supposed to play together, aren't they?

ADAM nods wordlessly.

SATAN loosens his silk tie, and takes off his jacket. Then he begins rolling up his sleeves.

SATAN squats down at ADAM's level and looks at the little town. He grins.

SATAN (cont.)
We've got a lot of catching up to do.

INT. CROWLEY'S BEDROOM-- DAY.

It's a beautiful, sunny day. We can hear a brass band playing in the street outside. Birds singing. CROWLEY gets up from his bed. (He sleeps in the dark glasses.) There's something strange going on, but he doesn't know what it is. He GESTURES, and he's fully dressed.

INT. THE STAIRCASE-- DAY.

CROWLEY in the upstairs hallway, about to descend the stairs.

MADAME TRACY
(downstairs)
Breakfast is ready, Mister Crowley.

INT. THE KITCHEN-- DAY.

MADAME TRACY is standing in the kitchen. Her hair is now PERFECTLY COIFFED. She's dressed like a housewife from a 50s sitcom, pearls and all. Her make-up is flawless. Her voice is fluting and precise.

She flourishes a plate. It has a PERFECTLY COOKED and magnificent breakfast on it. She smiles like Donna Reed.

MADAME TRACY
Breakfast.

CROWLEY
I'm not hungry.

He goes out into the street.

EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE HOUSE-- DAY.

TOWNSFOLK are outside in the road as if they're waiting for a parade. They all have big smiles on their faces. CROWLEY looks at them in astonishment. The whole of Tadfield seems to have changed. ANATHEMA's standing there with a stupid smile and brightly coloured clothes on, cheering and shouting with the rest of them.

A crash of cymbals and a Sousa-type march starts up. Coming towards us is a PARADE, with JUGGLERS, FIRE-EATERS, ACROBATS and UNICYCLISTS (these are all TOWNSFOLK we've seen before this time, such as the Coal Merchant). In the middle of the parade is an ELEPHANT, with a howdah on the top. When it reaches CROWLEY it stops. Looking down at him from the howdah is SATAN and ADAM. ADAM is dressed like SATAN, only on a smaller scale -- junior armani suit. His hair's combed back neatly.

SATAN
Ah. Crowley.

CROWLEY
You've met Adam then...

SATAN
Yes indeed. He's everything you said he was, Crowley.

CROWLEY
Well, yes.

SATAN
Come and see me about your transfer this evening. Alpha Centauri, wasn't it?

CROWLEY begins to grin, delighted.

SATAN (cont.)
Giddap! Mush! [or whatever one says to Elephants]

The ELEPHANT lumbers off, with the parade. CROWLEY watches it go, unable to believe his luck.

CROWLEY JUMPS into the air, one hand raised, like an athlete who just scored.

PAN up to see AZIRAPHALE, gazing sadly at us out of the window.

EXT. TADFIELD-- DAY. MONTAGE.

We watch The PARADE arrive in Tadfield Town centre; all THE TOWNSFOLK standing around with mad grins on their faces, cheering as ADAM gets down, possibly with the aid of the LANDLADIES-AS-CHEERLEADERS. The beach, where the TOWNSFOLK, grinning and dressing in garish bathing costumes are having desperate fun. The new version of the pier -- there's a funfair at the bottom -- everyone having fun at the funfair, whirling around on the rides. In each shot ADAM's not actually doing anything, not having fun. He just watches. And SATAN stands next to him with his hand on ADAM's shoulder.

EXT. THE FUNFAIR -- DAY

PEPPER is on a merry-go-round. She tries to make a grab for the brass ring, and TUMBLES from the horse, onto the ground. It could be quite nasty. Pepper SCREAMS.

SATAN and ADAM are watching. ADAM moves forward, as if to help her, but SATAN's hand tightens on his shoulder, and he stops.

SATAN begins to LAUGH. Pepper STARES up at us tearfully, trying not to cry. Then ADAM begins to LAUGH as well.

INT. CROWLEY'S BEDROOM-- DAY.

CROWLEY's wandering around his room, humming. He's PACKING, but packing lazily and having fun doing it, TOSSING THINGS in from across the room. Open suitcase -- he tosses his toothbrush in, socks and so forth. There's a wardrobe in the room, with a mirror door, and he's keeping the mirror in sight as he goes around the room, and ACTING out stuff for himself.

CROWLEY
(vamping, breathy, sultry)
Why, good looking, what brings you to Alpha Centauri?

CROWLEY
(james bond)
I'm a shtranger in town, Miss. Maybe you could show me the sights?

CROWLEY
(breathy)
I'd like that, stranger.

There's a fluttering in one corner of the room, and AZIRAPHALE materialises.

AZIRAPHALE
Leaving?

CROWLEY
Hopping the next comet out. He says I can go.

AZIRAPHALE
He's not angry that you lost the boy?

CROWLEY
He seems pleased with how Adam's turned out.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh dear.

A KNOCK on the door. It's the new MADAME TRACY, holding a tray with an elegant tea set on it.

MADAME TRACY
On such a glorious day you ought to be out there playing on the beach with everyone else in the town. But here's some tea, before you do. And little cucumber sandwiches.

CROWLEY
What are you complaining about? I thought you wanted them all to be happy. She's happy.

MADAME TRACY
I'm baking a cake. And tonight, it's fireworks on the beach.

AZIRAPHALE
Look at her, Crowley.

CROWLEY
Madame Tracy? You know you've lost Adam. Forever.

MADAME TRACY
Boys will be boys. Anyway: I haven't lost a son. I've gained a king. We all have.

CROWLEY
A king. I see.

EXT. PIER-- DAY.

BRIAN. He's looking at us in TERROR. An unripe TOMATO HITS him in the face. PULL BACK: he's in some kind of stocks arrangement. VILLAGERS are having innocent fun THROWING EGGS and vegetables at him. ADAM and SATAN are watching. ADAM grins, and the tomatoes and suchlike on Brian's head suddenly begin crawling with huge CENTIPEDES, COCKROACHES and WORMS, which tumble down Brian's face.

ADAM
(smiling)
That'll show him.

SATAN
Not bad. If you're going to rule the world you're going to have to learn more about fear, and control. But that'll come, won't it?

ADAM
When I rule the world.

SATAN ruffles ADAM's hair.

SATAN
It won't be long now, Adam.

ADAM
I want you to be proud of me. Father.

EXT. TADFIELD -- DAY

ANATHEMA is standing on the beach, in the crowd, watching the fun. We see her taking a deep breath, trying to get control of herself. The fixed smile FLICKERS. Then, a slow small step at a time, using a huge amount of effort she starts WALKING BACKWARD.

EXT. THE TOWN CENTRE-- DAY.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are walking Together. The town center is empty. Crowley's carrying his suitcase.

AZIRAPHALE
Look at it from my side for a moment. Just think what Heaven'll do to me, if Adam takes over the world. The Devil's child...

CROWLEY
(Looking around, looking up)
That's not the point. Let's see -- I'll need somewhere high as a launch pad...

AZIRAPHALE
Well, what is the point?

CROWLEY
I'm not helping you. This is my only chance to get out.

AZIRAPHALE
We're friends.

CROWLEY
Were.

He spots the CHURCH -- it's got a high, square church tower.

CROWLEY
Ah. Perfect.

INT. ANATHEMA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

There's carnival music in the background.

ANATHEMA enters her bedroom. She's STRUGGLING against mind control. Every step is hard for her. Her expression FLICKERS between a vacant grin, and hard, sweaty agony.

She makes it over to the suitcase. She REACHES out one hand. It STOPS. She uses the OTHER HAND to push the first hand, and OPENS the case. There's the KNIFE there, glittering and gleaming.

She's GASPING for breath. She TRIES to reach out a HAND to grasp the knife. She FAILS. She TRIES again. FAILS. Her hand is TREMBLING.

She's FIGHTING HERSELF to pick up the knife. One last try. Her hand edges CLOSER to the knife than it has before, and then...

The carnival music gets LOUDER. Her hand goes LIMP.

ANATHEMA FALLS to the floor. She SITS there, exhausted.

She's CRYING. Tears are running down her face. But she's GRINNING. A perfectly happy, VACANT GRIN.

INT. TADFIELD CHURCH SPIRE-- DAY

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE are walking up the spiral stone staircase inside the church tower.

AZIRAPHALE
What about humanity. How do you think they'll feel? You've seen the villagers. He'll turn the world into zombies.

CROWLEY
That's not my problem.

EXT. TADFIELD CHRUCH SPIRE -- DAY

They come out at the top of the tower. The whole of the village is spread out below us. AZIRAPHALE SWAYS -- he doesn't like heights.

CROWLEY
Perfect launch pad. I'll leave this evening.

AZIRAPHALE
Okay. Ooookay. Then I challenge you.

CROWLEY
Challenge me? To what?

INT. THE PARLOUR AT MADAME TRACY'S-- LATE AFTERNOON.
A CHECKERS BOARD. It's at opening of play. AZIRAPHALE's hand pushes a white piece forward one square. Pull back to reveal CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE, hunched over the board.

Move by move we follow the game. They are playing in silence. CROWLEY has a drink on the table beside him.

The tension mounts. AZIRAPHALE'S losing.

AZIRAPHALE
You haven't cheated yet, Crowley.

CROWLEY
I can beat you without cheating.

AZIRAPHALE
You've cheated every game we've played. Three hundred and twelve thousand seven hundred and ninety games you've won. And you couldn't win a single one honestly.

CROWLEY
I don't need to cheat.

They make some more moves. AZIRAPHALE loses more pieces. Tension mounts.

CROWLEY TURNS and reaches for his DRINK.

AZIRAPHALE surreptitiously SLIPS one of Crowley's black pieces off the board, and into his hand.

CROWLEY turns back to the board. Makes a move.

AZIRAPHALE smiles and TAKES all the black pieces on the board with his one last piece.

CROWLEY shrugs.

CROWLEY
Three hundred and twelve thousand, seven hundred and ninety games... to one.

We see Aziraphale's hand. He DROPS the black piece he palmed under the table. He cheated.

INT. THE HALLWAY-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE come out. Anathema is standing there, smiling robotically.

ANATHEMA
(happily)
Hello you two. Are you off to see the fire-works?

CROWLEY
No. We're off to face certain defeat and eternal damnation at the hand of my ex-boss.

Anathema slowly RAISES her HAND. It's obviously a great deal of effort. She's struggling against the Mind control. She's holding the KNIFE.

ANATHEMA
(gasping)
Please... take this... it... can... hurt him...

CROWLEY TAKES the knife from her. He GASPS -- the knife SEARS his SKIN, BLISTERING it. The knife FALLS to the floor.

AZIRAPHALE picks it up. He looks at it, nervously.

AZIRAPHALE
Thank you.

But ANATHEMA'S perky and bright and vacant once more.

ANATHEMA
(brightly)
Hello you two. Are you off to see the fire-works?

INT. THE KITCHEN-- NIGHT.

AZIRAPHALE is waiting impatiently. CROWLEY is in the kitchen. He rummages under the sink, pulls out some PINK RUBBER GLOVES.

EXT. THE ENTRY TO THE PIER-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE walk up the entry to the pier. They are both terrified, but resolute.

AZIRAPHALE
Listen. If we don't see each other again. You may be a demon. But you're the best friend I've ever had. And, well...

CROWLEY
And the stupidest. Let's just do it.

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM's out on the pier, at the furthest end. He's looking away into the distance.

There's a fluttering behind him. AZIRAPHALE is there. ADAM, still dressed as a mini SATAN, ignores him.

AZIRAPHALE
Adam?

ADAM
What do you want?

AZIRAPHALE
I suppose I want to know what you want.

ADAM
What do you mean?

AZIRAPHALE
Well, you've met your father. What's he offered you? All the cities of the world?

ADAM
It's none of your business.

AZIRAPHALE
He's the devil, Adam. He's the tempter. You mustn't trust him.

ADAM
He's my father! Don't talk about him like that! He loves me.

AZIRAPHALE
If he loves you, why did he leave you on earth for the last eleven years?

ADAM
He's here now.

AZIRAPHALE
For how long?

ADAM
Shut up.

AZIRAPHALE turns and points to the funfair and the lights of the town.

AZIRAPHALE
Are you enjoying this, Adam? Being their lord and master? Do you think that makes them like you?

ADAM
I'm their king.

AZIRAPHALE
Wouldn't you rather be their friend?

ADAM looks at AZIRAPHALE. He's getting angry.

ADAM
Shut up.

AZIRAPHALE
What about Madame Tracy?

ADAM
She's fine. She's happy.
(Pause)
She's not going to embarrass me any more.

AZIRAPHALE
But she loved you, the way she was.

ADAM

SHUT UP!

ADAM clenches his fist. SPARKS wreathe his hand. He points it at AZIRAPHALE. A BOLT of force shoots out AND zaps AZIRAPHALE. For a moment he FLAMES and FLARES.

And then, standing there, is AZIRAPHALE the ANGEL. There's a HALO-LIKE radiance about his head. He's wearing a WHITE ROBE. Huge white WINGS go out behind him. He's HOVERING about a foot above the ground.

AZIRAPHALE

She brought you up, Adam. She cared about you. You've made her a -- a robot. You could rule the world, Adam. But don't they have a right to decide things for themselves? Don't they have the right to their own destiny? The world wasn't made just for you. Look at what's happened to them. Look at Madame Tracy. Or Anathema.

ADAM

She was going to kill me.

AZIRAPHALE

People do good things, Adam. They do bad things too. That's what makes them human. You have to let them make their choices.

ADAM

I don't want to hear this.

AZIRAPHALE

You've already heard it. All I'm asking you to do is think about it.

And he's GONE.

INT. THE AMUSEMENT HOUSE IN THE PIER-- NIGHT.

CROWLEY enters the amusement arcade. He's nervous. HANDS in his POCKETS. He walks up through the amusement arcade: at the end of the arcade is SATAN's throne. It's empty.

As CROWLEY reaches it, there's a whoompf. SATAN is sitting comfortably on the throne.

SATAN
Ah. The crawler. Yes. Well I find from my son that you've been telling me a few little fibs. But it's all worked out, hasn't it? And I am in a magnanimous mood. Here.

He RAISES one hand. A SCROLL appears.

CROWLEY
What is it, Lord?

SATAN
Your reassignment. Let's see,
(he reads)
"*Be it known... and so on and so forth... The Demon Anthony Crowley formerly of the insignificant little mudball coordinates...blah blah blah... is now appointed as Fiend in Extraordinary to the twin Solar Systems of Alpha and Beta Centauri... dahdedah... by my seal and signature Lucifer Morningstar Prince of Hell.*" Here. Catch.

He tosses it to CROWLEY. CROWLEY takes one hand out of his pocket and CATCHES it. He looks at it. He's impressed.

CROWLEY
Fiend in extraordinary? I'd be the boss-man? Wow...

CROWLEY looks at it, sighs, SHAKES his HEAD, and DROPS it onto the floor.

SATAN's good mood vanishes.

SATAN
You want more than that? Ohh Crowley, you're pushing your luck.

CROWLEY
I don't want more than that. I don't want that any more. I'm not leaving.

SATAN
But I don't need you here, Crowley. Adam has inherited the Earth. He'll conquer it for me, rule it with blood and fire. Hell on Earth. No, I'm sending you away.

CROWLEY
You can't send me anywhere. I... I quit.

SATAN
You're a demon. You can't quit.

CROWLEY
People can change.

SATAN
Demons can't.

SATAN stands up and walks down the stairs toward CROWLEY.

SATAN (cont.)
Crowley. You disappoint me. I was hoping for great things from you one day. You did so well over that affair in the garden with the apple... And now you're going to have to spend the rest of eternity in up to your eyeballs in rivers of boiling shit.

CROWLEY takes his OTHER HAND out of his pocket. He's wearing a PINK RUBBER GLOVE as insulation. He's holding the silver KNIFE.

He RAISES THE KNIFE.

SATAN (cont.)
(This is a "*No, you don't get to do that*" kind of noise.)
Uh-uh.

CROWLEY DROPS to his knees, as if an outside force is dragging him down. HANDS push up from the floor and grab CROWLEY. He DROPS the knife.

SATAN (cont.)
Crawler.

SATAN reaches down and TAKES off CROWLEY's shades, revealing

CROWLEY's SNAKE EYES. He SNAPS the shades in two. Drops them on the floor.

CROWLEY begins to TRANSMUTE into a snake.

SATAN (cont.)
Goodbye, worm.

AZIRAPHALE
(off)
Let him go.

AZIRAPHALE looks like we last saw him. A real ANGEL. He's HOVERING ten feet above the ground. He extends his hand -- the KNIFE LEAPS up from the floor into his hand. AZIRAPHALE holds the knife out toward SATAN.

SATAN
An angel. A real angel. You've betrayed me, Crowley. You little snake.

AZIRAPHALE
Let him go.

SATAN
I am the lord of this world; I am the Great Beast of Darkness. I made war on God Almighty himself. I was the angel with the guts to rebel against our father -- while the rest of you were just singing hosannas and twanging your harps. I had balls. So if you think I'm scared of you, little angel...

He opens his MOUTH. A roaring stream of FIRE SPURTS out, hitting AZIRAPHALE head on.

AZIRAPHALE screams, and, BURNING, TUMBLES to the floor. The knife falls to the floor. SATAN VAPORISES it with a glance -- it turns to LIQUID METAL and hisses away, leaving a KNIFE-SHAPED MARK on the floor.

SATAN (cont.)
(to himself)
Pathetic.

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM's standing outside the pier. He takes indecisive steps back and forward.

MADAME TRACY
Adam?

She's carrying a TRAY, with a steaming MUG of hot chocolate on it.

MADAME TRACY (cont.)
I thought, it's almost his bed-time. I know what he'd like, our little King. And I brought your majesty a mug of cocoa.

ADAM
I don't want it. Throw it away.

MADAME TRACY obediently TOSSES the tray and the mug into the SEA, still smiling glassily.

ADAM (cont.)
...You shouldn't have done that.

MADAME TRACY
I only want to make you happy. We all do.

ADAM walks over to the railings on the other side. He looks over the edge. Cut to --

EXT. THE BEACH-- NIGHT.

Looking up at ADAM adoringly are the TOWNSFOLK, standing on the beach. PEPPER and ANATHEMA are in the front row. Even BRIAN'S there, happily cheering with the rest of them. All of them dressed in gaudy clothes. As ADAM shows himself at the pier an admiring murmur runs through the crowd. They begin to CHANT--

CROWD
Adam! Adam! Adam!

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM RUNS down the pier toward the amusement hall.

INT. THE AMUSEMENT HALL-- NIGHT.

ADAM bursts through the door. SATAN is standing in the middle of the hall. He's flanked on each side by two dark, ghostly figures (four altogether).

SATAN
Adam. Just in time. Tomorrow, I give you the world. Let me introduce you to your generals: War. Famine. Pollution. Death.

As their names are called they step forward into the light and say their bit; WAR, a beautiful red-head with a sword; FAMINE, a painfully thin, black-bearded man; POLLUTION -- a white thing dripping with ooze; DEATH, a pale, grinning skeleton. They are mounted on HORSES.

WAR
Master.

FAMINE
Lord.

POLLUTION
We await your bidding.

DEATH
We are yours to command.

ADAM takes a step backward and sees CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE. AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY are on the ground -- AZIRAPHALE's burned and blackened. CROWLEY's three-quarters snake, being held down by hands coming out of the floor.

ADAM
Aziraphale? Crowley?

SATAN
Yes. A renegade demon, and the most pathetic excuse for an angel I've ever come across. I've taken care of them both. Now, I've set aside tomorrow for your conquest of the Earth.

DEATH holds out a realistic, slowly spinning GLOBE of the world, held in its skeletal hand.

ADAM
But...

SATAN
We start at Nine a.m. We'll have the entirety of Europe under your control by ten fifteen. Then across the atlantic...

ADAM
Father. It's over. I'm not doing it.

SATAN
You're worried about losing? You can't lose, Adam. I won't let you.

ADAM
Then winning and losing don't mean anything. Look. I don't to rule the world. I just want to be a normal kid. I want to find out about things on my own.

SATAN
Adam. I am your father.

ADAM
No. You're not. Fathers are there for you, when you grow up. Fathers don't just show up when you're eleven and say hi, I'm your daddy, time to take over the earth.

SATAN
Disobedience will not be tolerated.

ADAM goes over to AZIRAPHALE, blackened and charred on the floor. He holds AZIRAPHALE's hand: AZIRAPHALE's eyes open. He HEALS. His wings become white and spread, and he SITS UP.

AZIRAPHALE
Thank you. But you really didn't have to do that. I wouldn't want to get you into trouble on our account.

But ADAM's turned to CROWLEY. A crackling bolt from ADAM's hand

and the HANDS that hold CROWLEY have vanished into the floor. CROWLEY UN-SNAKES. He stands up and begins to brush himself off. Takes a pair of SHADES from his pocket and puts them on.

CROWLEY looks at ADAM, then looks at SATAN and the horsemen.

CROWLEY
What the hell. Damned if you do. Damned if you don't.

ADAM stands there in front of his father, flanked by CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE.

ADAM
It won't happen, father. No War. No Pollution. No Famine. No Death. Or not on my hands, anyway.

As he says this each of the FOUR HORSEMEN in turn flickers and VANISHES.

SATAN
You dare to disobey me? To rebel? You are not my son.

CROWLEY
Oh, he is. <u>You</u> rebelled against <u>your</u> father, didn't you?

SATAN
You worms. I should destr...

He pauses. Stops. Remembers...

SATAN (cont.)
(quietly)
Yes. I did, didn't I?

He smiles. Then he begins to LAUGH, loudly. DUST falls from the rafters of the building.

SATAN (cont.)
(laughing)
Oh, priceless. Priceless. I see. Hmm. Adam? It's been interesting meeting you. I fear I am not cut out to be a father. Crowley?

Don't let me ever see you in Hell. Angel.
Tell your boss that at least my son on Earth
had more guts than his did. Mine rebelled.

SATAN laughs and VANISHES. The LAUGH CONTINUES. Crackles spread out from the place that he stood, until they reach ADAM's little town in the corner. It EXPLODES. The pier begins to JUDDER and SHAKE. Lights swing crazily.

ADAM stands, open-mouthed.

CROWLEY
Come on, boy. Run!

The three of them RUN for it.

EXT. THE PIER-- NIGHT.

ADAM and CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE run down the pier, toward the beach, desperately, with it crashing and exploding behind them. It's BURNING.

ADAM
Madame Tracy! She's still back there!

He turns and RUNS into the flames.

EXT. THE END OF THE PIER --NIGHT.

MADAME TRACY is standing at the end of the pier, still smiling vacantly, with the flames coming closer to her. The place she's standing judders, and she FALLS.

ADAM reaches out to her. He helps her up, as the flames surround them.

ADAM
I'm sorry... mom. I love you. I really do.

MADAME TRACY
Adam?

The PLANKS GIVE WAY underneath their feet.

AZIRAPHALE flaps his wings and GRABS ADAM and MADAME TRACY before they tumble into the sea.

They flee -- CROWLEY running, AZIRAPHALE flying, carrying ADAM and MADAME TRACY.

As they get to the steps down to the beach the buildings on the pier CRASH and FALL into flames behind them.

EXT. THE BEACH-- NIGHT.

The TOWNSFOLK are standing around, looking like people that have just woken up from bad dreams, staring at the blazing pier. ADAM is standing next to MADAME TRACY holding her hand.

MADAME TRACY
Dahling boy. What am I doing here? And -- what am I wearing? Oh dear. How strange -- this hasn't happened to me since 1967... Of course I was younger then. It was in San Francisco. We all put flour in our hair...

ADAM grins. She's back. He HUGS her.

Then he sees ANATHEMA standing in the crowd. She sees him and looks scared. He goes over to her. She BACKS AWAY.

ADAM
Look, I'm sorry about what happened. I'll make you a promise. You don't try to kill me again, and I won't end the world. Deal?

ANATHEMA stares at him. Then she looks up. Standing just behind Adam, dressed as an angel, is AZIRAPHALE. He NODS at her. Then he RIPPLES. AZIRAPHALE is in HUMAN FORM, dressed in his usual white suit again. ANATHEMA softens.

ANATHEMA
Deal.

PEPPER runs over to ADAM. She POINTS to the burning pier.

PEPPER
Adam. Look! Isn't it wicked?

As she points the end of the pier EXPLODES into FIREWORKS. Magnificent fireworks.

ADAM
(to himself)
I suppose it's his way of saying goodbye.

We pull back from the beach, and the milling crowds, and pan up into the sky. We HOLD on a particularly impressive FIREWORK EXPLOSION.

INT. MADAME TRACY'S HOUSE-- DAY.

Next Day. We're looking through ANATHEMA's bedroom window at the skeletal BURNED WRECKAGE of the pier. We pan along the beach -- ADAM and the other kids are sitting, talking. We can't hear them. Pull back into the room -- ANATHEMA's staring out of the window, fingering her necklace.

There's a KNOCK at the door. It's AZIRAPHALE.

AZIRAPHALE
I just came in to say. Well. It was very good meeting you.

ANATHEMA
(flatly)
Goodbye.

AZIRAPHALE
So, um. What are you going to do now?

ANATHEMA
I don't really know. I mean, I spent my whole life looking for the Devil's child. And now I've found him, it's all over. What do you do, when your life's work's finished?

AZIRAPHALE
Well... I don't know how you'd take to the idea of Museum work. I think it's frightfully interesting, but then I would, wouldn't I? But if you'd like a job, I need a new assistant...

He hands her his card.

ANATHEMA
(delighted)
Mister Aziraphale. You're an angel.

ANATHEMA kisses him, impulsively, on the cheek.

AZIRAPHALE
Do you know. In six thousand years, no-one's ever done that before.

INT. THE KITCHEN-- DAY.

CROWLEY and MADAME TRACY. CROWLEY's got his much-packed black suitcase with him.

MADAME TRACY
So, you're off, then.

CROWLEY
Yes.

MADAME TRACY
Mister Crowley. Can I speak frankly? I... I did get Adam from you, didn't I?

CROWLEY
Yes. You did.

MADAME TRACY
Is anyone going to... come for him?

CROWLEY shakes his head.

CROWLEY
He's all yours.

CROWLEY eyes up the fruit bowl.

MADAME TRACY
He's a good boy.

CROWLEY
More important than that. He's human.

MADAME TRACY
I don't understand. But then, there's so much I don't understand... What did happen yesterday? Why doesn't anyone remember? Am I getting vague again?

CROWLEY
Don't worry about it.

CROWLEY takes a couple of APPLES from the fruit bowl.

CROWLEY (cont.)
May I? Thanks. Look. Next time you decide to have a birthday, come on up to the night-club. I'll throw you a birthday party you'll never forget.

MADAME TRACY
I'm much too old for that.

CROWLEY
You're kidding me. You're what? Twenty seven? Twenty nine? Thirty?

MADAME TRACY
(brightens)
Mister Crowley. You're a devil.

We see AZIRAPHALE coming down the stairs.

CROWLEY
Look after the kid. Okay?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE-- DAY.

The KIDS sit out on the beach. It's the old gang, only they're all sitting around ADAM, dressed in tee shirt and jeans again. He's at the centre of them all. BRIAN's holding forth.

BRIAN
Of course, my father says the fire's the best thing that could have happened to the town. My father says the insurance money will pay for a new pier and that will bring the town back to life. My father says--

ADAM
Leave it out, Brian. I don't want to know what your father says.

BRIAN
At least I've got a father.

ADAM
(unfazed)
Yeah?

He sees MADAME TRACY come out onto the sidewalk. She waves at him. CROWLEY and AZIRAPHALE follow her out.

ADAM (cont.)
I've got something better.

He turns to Pepper.

ADAM
You want to see a movie?

PEPPER
(overjoyed)
Do I?

ADAM
Come on then.

They run off together up the beach. BRIAN stares after them, puzzled. Then he gives chase, with the other kids.

BRIAN
Hang on! Wait for us!

The KIDS run down the beach. We hear AZIRAPHALE and CROWLEY beginning to talk in voice over.

AZIRAPHALE
Well, we seem to have survived that one. The forces of good won out.

CROWLEY
The forces of good? Don't make me laugh.

AZIRAPHALE
Oh yes? Well, who went up against the Satan himself, then? You did that because you're really, deep down, a very good person Crowley.

We pull back. AZIRAPHALE is walking away from us, a little white figure, next to CROWLEY, a little black figure, walking down the street to where CROWLEY's vintage Bentley is parked. CROWLEY's munching on an apple. We continue to pull back from them as they talk -- their conversation is voice over.

CROWLEY
And you cheated at checkers, angel.

AZIRAPHALE
You knew?

CROWLEY
I've been doing it a lot longer than you have. But that's what I like about you, Aziraphale. You may be an angel, but deep down, you're just enough of a bastard to be worth knowing...

AZIRAPHALE
We did save the world.

CROWLEY
I see. The end justifies the means, now, does it? Anyway, saving a useless little mudball planet like this doesn't qualify as anything impressive.

The conversation begins to fade away.

AZIRAPHALE
If you don't like it here you could always go to Alpha Centauri.

CROWLEY
Don't make me laugh. No good restaurants. You can't get a decent bottle of wine for love nor money. I mean, nobody who's anybody goes to Alpha Centauri at this time of year. What I think is, better the devil you know.

Here, do you want an apple?

AZIRAPHALE
Don't start that again.

The conversation fades out completely as they get into the car and we...

FADE OUT.

Over the END CREDITS we hear the original Buddy Holly version of Every Day ("*Every day It's a getting closer, going faster than a roller coaster...*").

And the END CREDITS roll...

END

Neil Gaiman. January 1992.